THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. • "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumb'ring at His Back," • $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

THIRTEENTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1897. NUMBER 6.

THE RIVALS.

Samuel J. Wilson is his name,
And from Jackson town here he came:
He wants to marry; so "they say,"
And writes to some girl ev'ry day.

This knight o' the brush—painter by trade,
Is not in the push for an old maid;
But rather a damsel, sweet and fair,
A blonde or brunette with golden hair.

He's a hot rival of Mons. Geo. Rice,
To defeat whom he'd pay any price;
To choose between, the lady can't tell,
Each is so fervent and loves so well.

For fear of the call, "Pistols for two,"
Friends in the case know not what to do;
This we suggest, to end further strife,
And fix it so one can get a wife—

Let each of them hide his mug from view,
And blindfold, she may choose of the two;
But lest our streets run red and gory,
We will "ring off" now, and stop the story.

Do Something For Kentucky.

This state is greatly afflicted at this time, first, with an incompetent legislature, and next, with a lawless populace.

The administration of Gov. Bradley has been one of the most disastrous in our history. The governor has merely "played politics," neglecting his duties as governor to pursue at one time the presidency, then the vice presidency, and now the senatorship.

We have had for two sucessive years a helpless legislature, which has struggled hopelessly in an effort to elect a senator.

The credit of the state has been impaired; its public institutions have suffered, taxable property has declined, and now state taxes are to be increased 30 per cent.

All this has followed an effort so to change our methods of assessment as to reduce taxation. The new system has been a disastrous failure, as from the nature of the case every one could know it would be.

Lawlessness throughout the state has co-operated with legislative ignorance to drive out capital, to make life uncertain and to depreciate property.

Life is cheap in Kentucky, and men slay with slight provocation. Murder is rarely punished save by the mobs, and they make martyrs of brutal men.

And now over ten or fifteen counties night raiders regulate private affairs, destroy property and make the name of the state a hissing and a by-word in every community.

Turnpike raiders now undertake to fix the price of flour, to limit the acreage of tobacco, and to direct the daily conduct of private citizens.

This is an intolerable condition of affairs; it must be cured or it will go from bad to worse. Kukluxism must be crushed, and crushed now, or life in Kentucky will not be worth living.

Let us do something for Kentucky. Let us restore peace to her borders and prosperity to all her people. We have here the same conditions of life; the same soil, climate, people that once made the state an honored commonwealth and life here a life of peace and happiness.

The law must be upheld; there is no escape. Lawlessness begets lawlessness; crime, crime; confiscation, retaliation.

There must be a return of reason to state councils and to party management. All suffer alike from existing conditions and these conditions must be changed.

Our laws must be liberalized. Property honestly obtained must be respected. Wisdom, and not passion, must direct legislation, and men unfit for public position must be driven into privacy by whips of scorn.

Kentucky is dominated, not by reason today, but by a spirit which finds expression in midnight raids, in murderous mobs, in riot and in anarchy.

And yet the character of the Kentuckian has not changed. We suffer shame and submit to impositions from ignorant leaders on one hand, and mere dare-devils on the other, until the freedom which was once our boast is a mere shadow of a shade.

A state in which a mob may confiscate a turnpike or hang a "nigger," and then disperse unmolested, is not a free state, it is only a half civilized state.

We repeat what we have said before, that these evils must be destroyed by society, or the lawless elements, gaining strength from immunity, will confiscate barns and horses and crops and land itself.

We need a new era in Kentucky in which law is to be dominant; in which a man may do the thing he will without let or hindrance; in which all life and all property are safe, and when labor may pursue its course. That is what freedom in its broadest sense means; that freedom for which men have sacrificed so much, and,

"What avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?"

—Louisville Post.

SINGLE STANDARD MEANS RUIN.

Gold Democrats Have No Concern For the Country's Welfare.

According to the Washington Post, Senator Chandler looks at the deliverance of the Reform club dinner from a point of view which has not yet attracted any attention: "Cleveland's speech," said he, "was characteristic, but Mr. Carlisle's remarks were especially important, because they indicate that the Gold Democrats have entirely gone over to the money power. They are in favor of gold monometallism to the last degree, and will not listen to even a suggestion of the remonetization of silver by an international agreement. I believe that the maintenance of the single gold standard means ruin, and I earnestly desire to see bimetallism secured. These Gold Democrats apparently have no concern for the welfare of the country, but would sacrifice everything to the behests of money changers. The more that they unfold their plans the less will be their chance of adding to their numbers."

Mr. Chandler when asked as to the likelihood of any anti-trust legislation in connection with the tariff bill made his position quite clear. "I am against a pooling bill," said he, "or anything that will entrench monopoly, but at the same time I am not willing to break down a trust at the expense of breaking down an industry. A trust can be regulated without going to that extent. There are some industries in this country that are in the nature of trusts, but if we destroy them we throw thousands out of work and we make a market here for foreign trusts. The whole subject is one that ought to be given, and will be given, very careful attention when the tariff bill is before the senate."

Keep Off the Grass.

"I am stuck on this place." "We have come to stay." Thus soliloquized Harrison Wilson and son yesterday morning when, with two healthy, able-bodied half brothers to the horse family they were unable to pull an empty wagon through a mud-hole just east of THE HERALD office on Main street, and stopped for a breathing spell. It looked to our "man about town" as if Harrison had located there with a view to establishing a pottery, as he was seen to take up several handfuls of the beautiful clay and apparently mold it into form. But such proved not to be the case. He was only testing the moisture to ascertain, if possible, how long it would take to dry out and leave his wagon on terra firma. The mules meantime regaling themselves upon a supply of choice stake hay looked on complacently and smiled sardonically at the situation. This same mudhole took up its abode there early in the winter and has remained a quiet and orderly neighbor ever since, never going away to visit any of its relatives or friends during that time, as all can testify who made its acquaintance—a recluse, as it were. And it was as nice a mudhole as any traveler ever met with upon any thoroughfare. But the powers that be thinking to improve its hermitage home, put a lot of brush in so that trespassers would be caught red handed when they invaded its domain. Thus was Mr. Wilson's team detained until the proper officials could identify them and bring an action for trespass. We do not know how the matter will end, but the town authorities ought not to be too hard upon Mr. Wilson, for if the sign "keep off the grass" had been displayed he would not now be in trouble.

People Believe what they read about Hood's Sarsaparilla. They know it is an honest medicine, and that it cures. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation assist digestion. 25c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

☞ We want a letter from each correspondent every week to reach this office not later than Tuesday evening, even if it contains nothing more important than Parson Jones and Brother Smith swapping nags. This may seem foolish to you, but you do as we say and we will answer for the consequences. What THE HERALD wants is a record of plain facts of interest to the people in your neighborhood, and not a verbose effusion appealing only to the egotism and vanity of the writer.

—o—

WOLFE COUNTY.

Toliver Topics.

O. W. McNabb is on the sick list.

Clarence Pieratt went to Hazel Green on business Monday.

W. T. McNabb and wife will move to their Hazel Green property about the 1st of August.

Many of the boys talked of going to see Ralston leap Tuesday, but on account of the snow they didn't.

Many of the boys of this neighborhood went fishing Friday, but didn't do any good. They say if they are forgiven this time they will go no more—until winter breaks.

Superintendent Byrd passed through here last week on legal business. We learn that he is still in the field of Democracy and is going to carry the right over the head of all opposition. 'Rah for Floyd!

Rev. Nat Robinson, of Bath county, is holding a series of meetings in our neighborhood. Bro. Robinson is an eloquent speaker, and we believe him to be a man of God. We welcome him, and trust he may do much good.

Wanted—No more of the "promised prosperity." They must be asleep, dead or gone to England. As promises and pie crust were made to be broken, they have broken the promise, eaten the pie and all is over, for it neither clothes the naked nor feeds the hungry: then what does it do? We want no more "promised prosperity."

May 4. SHINER.

Stillwater Sprays.

[Too late for last week.]

Farmers are busy planting in this section.

G. F. Center was on Stillwater last week on business.

Married, on April 24, James H. Harrison to Miss Mary Peck, Rev. John Barker officiating.

A man passed through this section last week enquiring for a "blue bonnet," which according to his account had been lost before the flood.

We have had some very fine entertainments by Charley P. Page. Though he has but one arm, he plays the violin and two other musical instruments to perfection.

J. M. Swango, of Stillwater, lost about 100 pounds of fine tobacco one night last week by thieves. This is the second time he has been robbed, the thieves having carried off about 120 pounds on the previous raid.

April 28. SALLY.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Mize Mingles.

News is awful scarce.

Miss Nannie Fields, of Ezel, visited friends here last week.

Miss Fannie DeBusk, of The Jambs, was the guest of her brother, at Mize, last week.

Revs. W. Howard DeBusk and H. H. Halley will preach at Old Grassy the second Sunday.

Senator W. H. Taulbee and wife, visited their grand-daughter, Mrs. J. R. DeBusk, of this place, recently.

May 3. PANSY.

Maytown Missiles.

J. W. Childers is on the sick list.

The ground was white with snow Saturday evening.

Mrs. Belle Manker was quite sick last week, but is almost herself again.

Glad to report Mrs. R. A. Day so much improved as to be able to visit her parents last week.

Our merchants are receiving their spring and summer goods. Am trying to get them to send an ad. to THE HERALD just to see if their sales wont double.

The old reliable carders L. P. Hall & Co. will have everything ready this week to commence making rolls so soon as the wool is ready. They will have you to print some bills next week.

Our people are training for Children's day Saturday night. Both Senior and Junior leagues will be represented. Ten young ladies will represent the ten virgins, five wise and five foolish, is one of many things on the program.

May 4. WINGLESS.

MENEFEE COUNTY.

Gate City Gossip.

News is scarce, but water plenty, mud ankle deep, and Gate City is now of the past. The mill has moved one mile up the creek, and Mud City mill moves today to Brushy fork of Beaver.

Will be but a short time until we have a railroad to Gate City, they are grading about two miles below.

Taylor Igo, engineer of the Mud City mill, happened to a very painful accident two weeks ago. He had his arm crushed almost to a pulp and his hand nearly sawed off. Dr. Thomas, of Ezel, has taken his place at the throttle.

Ye scribe is now "baching." You ought to see us cook! Such delicious coffee, yum! yum! Would get married if I could find a lady of suitable age and live on mountain tea and birch sap, and drink branch water.

My health is very good, don't think it will improve much more. I think the shade would be more beneficial now for my health.

We have a few young ladies in our town and I think the boys will all go crazy over them. Each girl has five or six sweethearts.

I have made some extensive discoveries. Will write in my next.

May 4. N. W. H.

Academy Notes.

For a long time we have been silent but not "sparkless."

The daily attendance is good, and all are busy preparing for the commencement week.

There will be one graduate in June, viz: H. E. Oney. The subject of his address for commencement day is "Alone, Yet Not All Alone."

Commencement week will begin on the 29th inst. and will continue till June 2. The order of the week's program will be announced next week.

Some of the boys have been compelled to go home "to make a crop." Many fathers in Eastern Kentucky consider the crop of more importance than an education, they will not give their boys a chance when there is the opportunity.

Rev. J. C. Kendrick, of Danville, Ky., will be here commencement week, and will deliver two addresses. It will be remembered that Mr. Kendrick is the man who met the late J. A. Howard in debate at Morehead in the summer of 1895. ACADEMITE.

The Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it.'" It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by J. T. Day.

A Paintsville special to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: Evangelist E. C. Tinsley, of the Christian church, who has been holding protracted meetings thro'out Eastern Kentucky for the past few months, has selected Paintsville as a suitable place to build a college. A $20,000 building will soon be erected. The citizens have donated a beautiful tract of land just back of town for a site. It will be a branch college, the same as the one at Hazel Green, in Wolfe county.

Good green coffee 12½c. at the J. T. Day Racket Store.

☞ Pay that 'scription.

May Ladies' Home Journal.

The May Ladies' Home Journal uniquely reflects the sentiment and spirit of spring. "In An Old-Fashioned Garden" fairly emits the season's fragrant flavor, as do other contributions in prose and verse. Hon. John Russell Young recalls the notable incidents—fetes, receptions and pageants, etc.—of General Grant's memorable tour of the world, and ex-President Harrison gives highly interesting glimpses of the president's home and home life in an article on "The Domestic Side of the White House"—the concluding one of his admirable series. Edward W. Bob editorially presents the really practical side of the crusade against the slaughter of birds for their plumage, and forcibly protests against the pernicious habit of spitting in public places. A reminiscent article by Mrs. Raymond Maude, "My Mother as I Recall Her," gives some delightful glimpses of the personal side of Jenny Lind, especially of her home life.

Herbert D. Ward's serial, "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," reaches its conclusion, maintaining its quaint humor to the end. Also in the lighter vein are a remarkably well-drawn character sketch, "Old Gabe Carter's Company," and the second of "The Colonel and Me" papers. Dwight L. Moody, in his Bible Class lesson, writes on "Faith" with characteristic directness. Besides Mrs. S. T. Rorer's most helpful articles on cooking and her solution of puzzling household problems, are valuable papers on "Traveling with Children in Summer," "Unique Moderate Cost Outings," "Girls' Letters," summer gowns, waists, bodices and parasols, "The Wild Garden and Rockery," and many others brimful of practical wisdom. In brief, the May Journal contemplates directly and practically every feature of home life, and appeals to every member of the household. Among its notable art features are the dainty cover by Howard Pyle, and Alice Barber Stephens' drawing of "The Woman in the Home," the third of her "American Woman" series. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

Sunday School Convention.

The Wolfe county Sunday school convention will be held at Elkins Chapel on the 3d day of July, 1897. We hope all the Sunday schools will reorganize and send delegates to this convention, which we trust will prove a success. The weather is fine, and opportunities for doing good and carrying on our Master's work are open to us. Never were fields more ready for the harvest than now, and earnest workers should occupy the territory and diligently do the will of Our Father. Let the committee on program meet and prepare it at an early date that when the time comes for roll call all may be at their post ready for the work assigned. The following are on that committee: Geo. W. Robinson, Campton; W. O. Mize, Hazel Green; Wm. Sample, Maytown, Wm. Graham, Lane; C. T. Byrd, Lee City. Let us pray for this meeting and look for an outpouring of the Spirit and expect many to be filled with the Holy Ghost that they may be furnished for "every good word and work."

H. H. SWANGO, Pres.
MATTIE C. QUICKSALL, Sec.

THE HERALD "man about town" was consulting Rose & Davis a few days since in regard to constructing a scarecrow to keep the chickens off his strawberry bed, when the senior member of that firm volunteered the information that if the chickens were kept well "shoo'd" they would stay off, otherwise, he thought, the only remedy was to fence in the patch or cover the bed with briars. Now, was this "a trick in trade" that John Rose was using to secure the "shooing," is a question that naturally arises, since that firm advertises to do shoeing in the best style and on the most reasonable terms? Indeed, they say they will shoe horses for 70 cents around and furnish everything, even to the horse—shoes.

No More Hard Times.

If you sleep on the patent self adjusting spring beds, made of bessemer steel, warranted ten years. Manufactured by J. M. Havens, Hazel Green, Ky.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

As One Planets Move in Order Guarded by the Steady Hand

Of God—The Same Holds All Safe From Harm and Regulates the Smallest Act of Life—"Him That Maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

This sermon of Dr. Talmage looking at the midnight heavens through the eyes of one of the ancients is unique for practicality, and must set all to useful thinking. His text is: Amos v., 8: "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

A country farmer wrote this text—Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd, and stuttered; but before the stammering rustic the Philistines, and Syrians, and Phœnicians, and Moabites, and Ammonites, and Edomites, and Israelites, trembled.

Moses was a law-giver. Daniel was a prince, Isaiah, a courier and David a king; but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his prophecy full of the odor of new-mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defense. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made of bushes, so that through these branches he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses, and hardly ever see the stars except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at seasons of the year when the herds were in special danger he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silvered tassels of lunar light.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night, hark to the wolf's howl, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit-te-who, and the serpent's hiss, as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. He had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground, or lying on his back under the open scroll of the midnight heavens—the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with the spring, as it rises about the 1st of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancients were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies, because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth; and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic ocean, and the electric storms in the sun, by all scientific admission, affected the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their courses fight against Sisera? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was hidden for 12 consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before Charles IX. of France, who was responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman Emperor Justinian war and faminine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

Astrology, after all, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout rough staff of the herdsman and took into his brown hand and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet, and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying: "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us in 1897 A. D.

In the first place, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group, and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after decade they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, a sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas" and Virgil wrote in his Aeneid of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order written not in manuscript that may be pigeon-holed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipotent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and nations sometimes seem going pell mell, and the world ruled by some fiend at haphazard, and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for 6,000 years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, he can probably take care of the one world we inhabit.

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us, and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we would be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outcry of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride as fast as the oxen can." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the yoke?

In your occupation, in your mission, your sphere, do the best you can, and then trust to God; and if things are all mixed, and disquieting, and your brain is hot and your heart sick, get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see further than Amos with the naked eye could—namely, 200 stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion two hundred thousand billions of times larger than the sun. Oh, be at peace with the God who made that and controlls all that—the wheel of the constellations turning in the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog or the slipping of a band or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these groups of the text was the God of light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star, or two or three stars, but he makes seven, and having finished that group of worlds, makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades he adds Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that he keeps making it. Only one Being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator himself. And they have all been lovingly Christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electra Sterope, Taygete and Maja.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by Him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light. Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization—Christ, the bright and morning star; evangelization, the day-break; the redemption of nations. Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in his wings. Oh, men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdman's lifetime, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his lifetime. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers, the same as when the Egyptians built the Pyramids from the top of which to watch them, the same as when the Chaldeans calculated the eclipse, the same as when Elihu, according to the Book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis, the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernician system, the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely a changeless God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the up and down of life and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity, to know that we have a changeless God, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steersman of his boat in the morning, and hanged him in the evening of the same day. Fifty thousand people stood around the columns of the national capital, shouting themselves hoarse at the presidential inaugural, and in four months so great were the antipathies that a ruffian's pistol in Washington depot expressed the sentiment of disappointed office seekers. The worlds sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza, and the horse behind is Anathema. Lord Cobham, in King James' time, was applauded, and had $35,000 a year, but was afterward execrated, and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for 30 days because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear Him, and his righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep His covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to do them." This moment "seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the Oriental night sky, must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in mid-sky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen: "Come out and enjoy the mild weather, and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew: "Hoist sail for the sea, and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm signal, and said: "Reef sail, make things snug, or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, now I get the best view of God I ever had! There are two sermons I never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may do what they will against Him, and fracture His every law, and put the pry of their impertinence and rebellion under His throne, and while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart He takes them up in His arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thunder cloud, and with red-hot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of the Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at three degrees below zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life, before this we would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Cæsar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and the freckles on his face were said to be as the stars of the firmament.

One of the swiftest trans-Atlantic voyages made one summer by the Etruria was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead, pushing us back; but if we be God's children and aiming toward Heaven, the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons, typhoons and mistrals and siroccos of the land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under divine supervision.

I am so glad that the God of the seven stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime "Divine Commedia," and out of John Milton's blindness came the "Paradise Lost," and out of miserable infidel attack came the "Bridgewater Treatise" in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ came the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement, your persecution, your poverties, your misfortunes may come an eternal heaven.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy, in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying: "Worlds! worlds! worlds. Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lost all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysms by which it was hurled from the chaos into order, and the paroxysm of its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" Look there," says St. John, at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gideon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the seven stars and Orion!" Do not let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Do not let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to get on some "Great Eastern" of the heavens. Do not let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this outhouse of the world, when all the king's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In my Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there our worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk 15 miles, when they, some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of 12 luminaries may be the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling-place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds and all their windows illuminated for festivity.

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectation! How little it makes the present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, that instead of being boxed up and under the ground have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds, and welcome everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! Oh, Lord God of the Seven Stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and hat each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

In a speech at Johnstown, Pa., the other day, Andrew Carnegie expressed the belief that this country is just entering a period of genuine prosperity which nothing can hold back.

Of the 45 states of the Union, only six have annual sessions of their legislatures. The six are Georgia, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island and South Carolina—four eastern and two southern states.

The unusual sight of two whales was witnessed in Pensacola harbor the other day. They were about thirty feet in length, and had just crossed the inner bar when they were first seen spouting water.

A ferry boat that will carry 30 loaded railway cars at once, besides miscellaneous freight and passengers, is a sizable boat, yet that is the kind of craft that now runs the ferry across Lake Michigan between Ludington and Manitowoc.

In the United States the birth rate exceeds the death rate by 94 per cent; in Europe by 37 per cent. The births show the highest average of excess over deaths among civilized peoples taken as a whole. France offers the single exception. In that country the excess of births over deaths is only 1½ per cent.

Statistics show that the span of life in many cases is more than a century and that old age in many cases is nearer 90 than 70. During the ten years from 1881 to 1890, inclusive, there were in Massachusetts 203 deaths of persons past the age of 100. Of these centenarians 165 were between 100 and 105, 35 were between 105 and 110, five were between 110 and 115 and one was 118. Of the 203 there were 153 females and 50 males. In Iowa there are now more than 500 persons beyond the age of 90. There are 21 who are more than 100 years old.

India is a very uncomfortable country. This year is worse than common. Drought makes every road a river of dust; other rivers are dried up. Grain is poor, as well as scarce, and garden products are sapless. If the traveler eats meat or fruit he is threatened with cholera; if grain or vegetables, he is reminded that the bubonic pest (which is the fatal "little sickness" of Bombay) chiefly affects vegetarians. Milk must be vigorously eschewed, and butter is not less baneful. Bread and tea are both poor in India, and water is always dangerous.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—"Air! air!" gasped the dying man. The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheel she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—Detroit News.

—Nursegirl—"I lost track of the child, mum, and—" "Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nursegirl—"I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."—Pearson's Weekly.

—His Gratitude.—Preacher—"How do you like your new mamma, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"Oh, purty good. I et a jar of plums yistady, and she blamed it on the hired girl."—Cleveland Leader.

—Young Wife—"Oh, John, the rats have eaten all of my cake!" John—"What! All of it?" Young Wife—"Every piece. I feel like crying." John—"Oh, don't cry over a few rats."—Hartford Times.

—Mr. Watts—"The idea of the pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying that he was deeply touched!" Mrs. Watts—"And why shouldn't he say so?" Mr. Watts—"Because he was the only man there who hadn't been; that's why."—Indianapolis Journal.

—His Observation.—"Did you know," said the man who was reading an article about the contraction of metals, "that a clock ticks faster in winter than summer?" "No, I never noticed that about a clock. But I know a gas meter does."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Don't you think $40 a week alimony is a little too much to demand," asked the referee in the divorce case "when he is only making $50?" "No, I don't," said the lady; "that's what I used to make him gimme while I was livin' with him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—His Hard Lines.—"Poor man!" exclaimed the prison missionary, to whom the sheriff's guest had been relating a tale of woe. "Your life seems to have been one unbroken series of misfortunes." "Yes," sighed the fallen one, "I have had many trials."—Buffalo Courier.

—"Ah," observed the bystander "learning to ride the bicycle, I see. How are you getting on?" "I sometimes get a crane to lift me on," she remarked, icily, "and at other times I fall off the house into the saddle." And then she tried to mount, and ran into the lamp-post again.

WHEAT ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Grain Is Always Being Harvested in Some Part of the Globe.

"The wheat crop is always being harvested somewhere," said a man on the board of trade. "Just now, while the American farmer is not thinking of wheat, the crop of Australia, Chili and the Argentine Republic is being put on the market. In February and March the fields of upper Egypt and those of India are harvested. These of lower Egypt, which is irrigated by the overflowing of the Nile, is harvested in April, while Syria, Cyprus, Persia and Asia Minor also gather crops during that month. Cuba's wheat will also be gathered in April.

"Texas is the first of our states to send wheat to the market. This it does during May, at the same time that the fields of Algeria, central Asia, China, Japan and Morocco are making their yields. In June those of California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal and the south of France are harvested. July sees the crops in the other American states and all except the northernmost part of Europe harvested. Russia then begins to gather her grain, more being harvested in August, when Manitoba, lower Canada, North Dakota and the northernmost countries of Europe are the scenes of the harvest. Sweden, Norway and northern Russia are the only wheat fields covered with the golden grain in September and October. But just as these crops are gathered the crops in Peru and South Africa are ready, and in December New South Wales gathers her harvest.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cheap Houses in New York.

Some of the cheapest houses to be found in New York belong to the city. A country house, surrounded by grounds as extensive as old-time ancestral estates, may be rented for as low as five dollars a month—less than some East side tenement houses of three or four rooms will bring—or, for more pretentious mansions, the rent may go up as high as $100. These are the houses that the city has acquired with its park property, and it rents them at a reduced rate, as there are disadvantages in living in a public park. While the whole park may be considered as a part of the establishment, there is not an inch of ground outside the house which the inhabitants may call their own, or from which they have the privilege of sending away any visitor who cares to loiter around. The city is not a good landlord in the way of looking after repairs. The municipality is not in the business of house renting, and if one cares to take advantage of the cheap rates offered he does so with a knowledge of all the outs as well as the ins of the property.—N. Y. Sun.

Precocious.

Teacher—Tommy, parse discretion.

Tommy (feeling his way)—Discretion—a noun, feminine.

"How do you make it feminine?"

"It's the better part of valor."—Pittsburgh News.

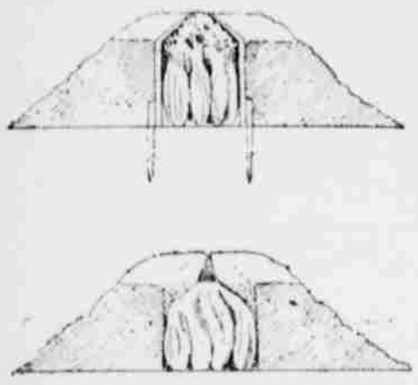
THE FARMING WORLD.

STORING IN TRENCHES.

How Many Kalamazoo Growers Keep Celery Through Winter.

We do not advise keeping celery for winter use other than by means of cold storage, but it is done by some of our growers by placing it in trenches. This is the method in use in Kalamazoo, and while it has the advantage of prolonging our season, it will not, in the course of two or three years, be practicable, as the California, Utah and Florida stock will be more plentiful, and ours, though well blanched, sweet and tender, will not be able to compete with it in fancy markets on account of its size and ragged tops. The celery, when placed in the trenches, has to live on something, and, having lost most of its roots, it is not able to draw its food from the ground. The heart, therefore, grows at the expense of the outside stalks, and, instead of the head becoming larger, it grows smaller.

The celery for the trenches is cut from the row, after having been banked for about a week. It is quite green and the heart growth has just fairly commenced. It is taken up with a spade, allowing three or four inches of the tap root to remain on it. The trenches are, in reality, not dug into the ground, but are built on top of it. To do this, blanching boards have stakes nailed on to the sides, and are by means of these made to stand up, about ten inches apart. The ground should be dry and level. When these boards are in place, the celery, after having the outside dead stalk removed, is stood up between these boards, being packed fairly tight, care being taken not to bend the stalks. When two or three board lengths have thus been filled, the earth is drawn up



STORING CELERY FOR WINTER.

against the boards and packed there. See cut. Should the celery be taller than the boards they are pried up with a shovel until their tops are even with those of the celery, and more earth is drawn up. If the weather is not too cold, they are allowed to remain this way until it becomes colder, and then the earth is pressed firmly over the tops until there is finally left an opening not more than three or four inches wide. This is sometimes covered over with a blanching board at night and opened in the day time, thus saving the tops to a certain extent. Frost may be removed by sprinkling dry muck over the tops. See the lower part of cut.

The length of time that it will keep this way depends upon the weather, how well blanched it is when put in, and the variety. Continuous cold weather is the most favorable, for it does not allow it to grow very rapidly, and the tops rot less. In this latitude, it is put in from October 1 to 15. Our main variety for winter and fall use is Perfection Heartwell. In warm weather holes are made in the sides of the trenches near the bottom, to allow the air to circulate through the celery. This is the best method that we know of, although I can say, from personal experience, that it is not economical if a fair or even a low price can be had for it directly from the field.—Fred S. Johnson, in Rural New Yorker.

The Right Sort of Cows.

Which is the most profitable cow to keep? It is the cow that produces the most at the least cost. In the 90-day test at the world's fair the best cow cleared a profit of over $73 and the poorest a profit of only $24. Turning to the food account, we find that the cost of food in both cases was practically the same, yet one cow had the ability to make three times the profit upon the same food. There are cows in every herd that have this ability; find them out. In these days of keen competition we must reduce the cost of production, and this aspect of the question should always be taken into consideration.—George Harcourt.

Advocates Steel Roadways.

Martin Dodge, the Ohio state road commissioner, is enthusiastic on the subject of steel roadways. He estimates that a double-track road, the tracks laid 16 feet apart, and the space between the rails of each track filled in with broken stone, macadam size, would cost much less than a good macadam road; and the cost of a country one-track road would be about half as much as the double track. He says that such a road would last much longer than a stone road; and that one horse will draw on a steel track 20 times as much as on a dirt road and five times as much as on macadam.

There is no fruit that with proper management can be grown so readily as the grape.

Poor hay will not make either an abundance of milk or good milk.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

A New Line of Argument on the Road Improvement Question.

The good stone roadway in the United States, according to the computation of Gen. Roy Stone, the accomplished engineer of the bureau of roads of the department of agriculture, was increased during 1896 by 1,000 miles. This seems little enough until we remember that at the end of 1895 the good stone roadway in the country did not exceed 1,000 miles. If we should continue at this rate it would take more generations than we have patience to think of before the reproach of bad roads could be lifted from our country. But if the good roads could be increased in this proportion each year—that is, doubled—we should soon accomplish something worth while.

There is unquestionably a widespread desire for good roads in this country, but the people are hampered by the cost and hindered by the apprehension of too heavy taxes. And then, notwithstanding all the agitation and all the recent literature on the subject, the people at large are still dreadfully ignorant. One ignorant set think that road improvement means the universal substitution of macadam pavements for dirt roads; another ignorant party is deluded with the idea that the macadam pavement makes the dirt road unnecessary. Both of these parties are as wrong as possible, and hurt the cause they seek to advance.

In answer to one false idea it may be said that every macadam pavement should be paralleled with a well-drained dirt road. A good dirt road is pleasanter to use eight months in the year than a macadam pavement. And during that time is just the period when a macadam road is injured by travel. It is in dry and hot weather that the macadam pavement is worn by traffic.

Then again, macadam pavements could not be built in 500 years to replace all our dirt roads. And it would not be well, anyhow.

If we could teach the country people to make these dirt roads properly and then drain them sufficiently, they would answer every purpose. But how to do this is the question. One way suggests itself at once. Let county societies be formed and prizes offered for the best district in each township. This would conduce to thought and study. To make a good dirt road and keep it in repair is so easy that none but a simpleton could fail to understand proper instruction.

This is a hint to the organized wheelmen and the department of agriculture as well. But there is no suggestion whatever in this hint that the highways should not have a stone pavement over a part of each such road—a stone pavement paralleled by a well-drained dirt road.—Leslie's Weekly.

WANTS GOOD ROADS.

Timely Recommendations Made by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

Gov. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, in his message to the legislature, said in part:

"It appears that we have about 800,000 miles of public roads in the various townships of the commonwealth, not including turnpike roads and those in the cities and boroughs, and, although almost $4,000,000 have been expended each year for their improvement, they are in a most unsatisfactory condition. This great sum, averaging about $48.73 per mile, should, if laid out with intelligence and economy, during the past 15

GOV. HASTINGS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

years have made every public thoroughfare equal to our best turnpike roads."

After stating that the road laws are too numerous and too local, and advocating one or two general laws, he adds: "Another defect is the short term for which supervisors are elected, in many cases but a single year, thus breaking up any plans that intelligent supervisors may endeavor to carry out and giving a sense of insecurity in the position."

The governor advocates providing three supervisors to be elected for three years, one going out of office each year. Also that one-half the road tax be paid in money, and that every mile of the road system be under the care of individuals whose daily duty should be to see that the roads are in good condition and repairs made when needed. "If these suggestions were carried out, the way would be open for the state to grant such aid from time to time as might be necessary in relieving the burden now wholly borne by the rural people."

If shrubs require pruning, the best time to do the work is just after the flowering is over.

Filled cheese is an abomination—an evidence of the total depravity of man.

MEN ON HORSEBACK.

Four Whom Mr. Goslington Has Met More or Less Lately.

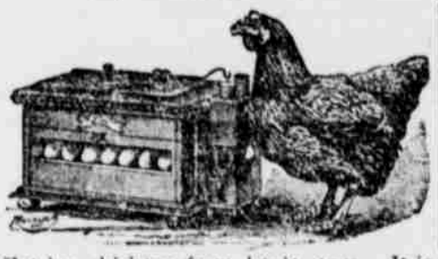
"In a big city," said Mr. Goslington, "you see all sorts of men on horseback. It is a common thing to see truckmen riding, mounted on one horse and it may be leading another, going to the harness maker's, perhaps, or the horseshoer's; riding without a saddle, and very likely without a blanket, but with a seat that many a more elaborately provided horseman might envy.

"You see occasionally a fireman on horseback, taking a horse to the horseshoer's. He rides always without a saddle and almost invariably without a blanket. He wears a uniform, and he sits up straight, like a soldier—he makes a pretty prim-looking figure on horseback; he is almost certain to be a very good rider.

"Yesterday I saw something I had never seen before—a painter on horseback. You often see the painter's wagon, loaded with ladders and pots and cans of paint, and with two or three or more men in paint-covered overalls and jackets; but this was just the horse with a painter on his back. Where he was going, or what it all meant, I couldn't even imagine.

"Later, yesterday, I met one man in the saddle. Walking down Riverside drive after nightfall to get a little air and exercise before dinner, and watching meanwhile the new moon hanging low over the river, I heard the hoofbeats of a horse coming up along the bridle path. Presently horse and rider came into view; man singing, horse keeping time with his hoofs; and so they disappeared.

"THE WOODEN HEN."



Hatches chickens from hen's eggs. It is 10x15x8 inches; will hatch 28 eggs. Price, $6.00. Write to Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Mfr., Quincy, Ill., for a copy of his booklet "K," describing the "Wooden Hen," also large catalogue. Both sent free.

A good many folks will stop you to tell you some great story, and when you have listened a little while, you find it is merely a scheme to tell something about themselves.

The Inauguration of President McKinley

will attract many prominent individuals to Washington. You can attend very cheaply, and enjoy a most satisfactory trip, by going via the B. & O. S-W. Ry. Tickets good going March 1, 2 and 3, and good returning including March 8, at special low rates for this occasion, with a Splendid Train Service. Make up your parties, and for further information, consult any agent B. & O. S-W. Ry. Write for guide to Washington, to J. M. Chesbrough, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

A NUMBER of years ago, in order to attend his girl on all occasions, a young man had to learn how to dance. Now he must also learn how to milk a cow.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 100,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

LOTS of us think we are not appreciated for what we are worth. We never think so about anybody else.—Washington Democrat.

MISERY and rheumatism are foes. St. Jacobs Oil and cure are friends. Try them.

NOTHING is gained by starving the soul to feed the body.—Ram's Horn.

WITHOUT teeth frost bites. Without doubt St. Jacobs Oil cures frost-bites—sure.

EVERYONE possesses just enough conceit to talk too much.

LITTLE BROTHER—"I love to have you come to see sister, Mr. Tompkins." "Why, Dickie?" "'Cause she never likes that candy you bring her, an' gives it to me."—Chicago Record.

MOTHER—"You don't know how you worry me dear; why, my hair is turning gray!" Florrie—"My, how you must have worried grandma; her hair is all white!"—Household Words.

"WHY does Mrs. Wildgirl call her fast husband The Cipher? Doesn't he count at all in his own home?" "Oh, yes; it's because he is so noughty."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

HE was watching his neighbor's troublesome boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance. "Are you afraid the lad will fall?" was asked him. "No," he replied; "I'm afraid he won't."—Tit-Bits.

"MARIA," grumbled Mr. Billus, looking at the mess that lay on his plate, "I saw the statement in a paper the other day that there are over 800 different ways of cooking potatoes. I wish you would let the girl learn one of them."—Chicago Tribune.

"HENRY!" "Yes, your excellency?" "One of the most surprising matters of the present day is the extent of the amateur photography fad among prominent statesmen." "I did not know that such was the case, sire." "O, yes, it is, Henry. See how many men mentioned for the cabinet have developed negatives!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

EXTORTION.—The large and greasy bandit bowed low before the contessa. Opening a package, he disclosed an ear. "This, miladi," said he, "is the ear of the worshipful count." "The ransom," said the contessa, toying with her fan, "was set at 10,000 plunka!" "Exactly," said the bandit. "And remains at the same figure." "This," said the lady, her bosom heaving with emotion, "is outrageous. It isn't business. As a reasonable man, you cannot expect me to pay full price for a remnant."—Indianapolis Journal.

MOST people cook beefsteak as if it was the first time they ever met such an article of food, and they are cooking it as an experiment.—Atchison Globe.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"WHAT a distinguished looking man." "Yes, the last time I saw him he was on the bench." "What, a judge?" "No; a substitute ballplayer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE B. & O. S-W. Ry. commencing Sunday, January 24th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, a through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

THERE is nothing that would cause a woman greater secret satisfaction than to fall over in a faint when her husband is scolding her.—Atchison Globe.

Vibrating in Tuneful Accord,

Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overwrought, it jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorate it with the great tranquillizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

EVERYONE imagines himself a worm, and is of the private opinion that his turning will cause the greatest commotion the world ever knew.—Atchison Globe.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

NOTHING is quite so mean as for a fellow to ask you for a match when you have both hands full of bundles.—Washington Democrat.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 229½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

THERE are a good many people who can't keep from making fools of themselves when they get rich.—Washington Democrat.

LIKE an electric current St. Jacobs Oil seeks and cures Sciatica.

IT always takes a girl an awfully long time to learn to ride a bicycle when some handsome young man is teaching her.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

JUSTICE (who had been a shopkeeper)—"To you it will be six months; for anybody else it would be eight."—Boston Transcript.

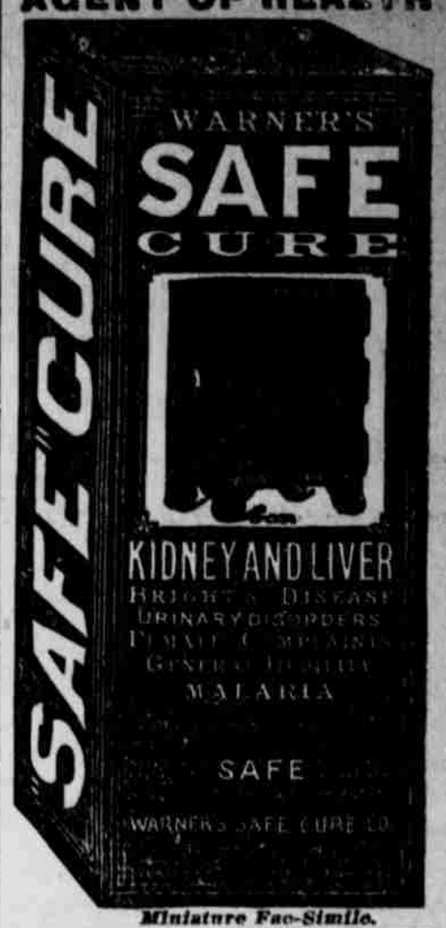
A SPRAIN cannot cripple if you use St. Jacobs Oil. It cures it.

"I'LL never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!" "Refused again?" "No; accepted."—Tit-Bits.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

YOU know the man when you know the company he keeps.—Ram's Horn.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH



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Send 15cts. in postage to the undersigned and you will receive either a splendidly mounted map of the United States, or a pack of best quality Playing Cards.

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"Burlington Route." St. Louis, Mo.

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In the celebrated Coast Country. Cheap and on reasonable terms, fruit, vegetable and field crop farms. Great production. Direct markets. Diversified crops. Travel via Frisco Line from St. Louis. ☞ For land literature, maps, excursion rates and full information, write

THE AMERICAN LAND COMPANY,
303 Roe Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

600 Second Hand Bicycles

All makes GOOD AS NEW $5 to $15. New High Grade '98 models, guaranteed $18 to $25. Must be closed out. Agents wanted ☞ Write for particulars at once. P. C. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago.

PENSIONS for SOLDIERS and WIDOWS

Fee for increase $2. Rejected claims reopened. All laws free. 31 yrs. practice. Success or no fee. A. W. McCormick & Sons, Cincinnati, O., and Washington, D. C.

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

$20 A hundred for your neighbors' addresses. Send 10 cents for contract and sample copy. ROMANCE MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

WANTED—Men to distribute Circulars. Write quick, enclose stamp. AETNA MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Yucatan, it is perfection.

A. N. K.—E 1642

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Take care that you don't go that way, when you try to make your washing easier. Better be sure of what you're doing.

Get Pearline, the original washing-compound, the best-known, the fully-proved. There are plenty of imitations of it. But even if they're not dangerous—and some are—they're not economical.

Pearline used properly, goes farther, does more work, and saves more wear, than anything else that's safe to use. 526

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY.....May 6, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For State Senator.

We are authorized to announce JOHN A. TAULBEE, of Hazel Green, as a candidate for State Senator for the 34th Senatorial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

—o—

For Surveyor of Morgan County.

We are authorized to announe JAMES S. HALSEY as a candidate for County Surveyor of Morgan county, subject to the decision of the voters at the November, 1897, election.

RESPIRATIONS.

Oh, Mars Deboe, dar you go
To Washington town, oh, ho, ho;
Dr. Gum Hunter, him dar, too,
An' now, what yer gwine ter do?

* * *

THE more precious the article the smaller the package. THE HERALD this week is an example—rich in rubies rare. We take silver—when we can get it—and $1 pays for it a year.

* * *

ALPHABETICALLY running down our delinquent list we note that the "H's" hold the score. Now, delinquent being a synonym for dereliction of duty, we are led to wonder if their destination is to h—. Well, it seems significant, to say the least. But the next letter in the roll of honor(?) being "B," which begins "burn," the two appear prophetic of a pyrotechnical display some day. Eh, what'd you say? Goin' to pay? O. K!

* * *

IF MR. MCKINLEY will consult us—but he's not going to do it—we can give him a few pointers when he wants to make a new United States marshal for Kentucky. W. J. Seitz, of West Liberty, is the man we would suggest to his honor, and if he appoints him the appointment will be approved of by both Democrats and Republicans all over this section. As we asked no audience in the building of his cabinet, we hope Mr. McKinley will hear us in this, and if he does so we will forgive him the unnecessary tariff we had to pay on a necktie by reason of his nefarious bill. "He shan't outclever us."

* * *

WHILE the lamented John M. Elliott was the presiding judge in the judicial district of which Menefee was a part, he was holding court in Frenchburg, when a character well known for his boisterous conduct, under a fair-sized load of tangle foot, appeared in the court room. Looking over to where the judge sat in his official capacity and dignity of office, who was at the time hearing the evidence in a case, the individual referred to blurted out: "Look a-heah, jedge, I'm a hoss." Judge Elliott, apparently unruffled by the interruption, turned and said, "Mr. Sheriff, take that horse and put him in the stable," and the jailer jailed him until he recovered from his jag. It is needless to say that the court was never again interrupted.

* * *

BOB FRANKLIN secured the nomination for commonwealth's attorney in the Fourteenth judicial district. His opponent and the present incumbent, John S. Smith, of Bourbon, placed him in nomination before the convention and moved his election by acclamation. When Bob gets to be commonwealth's attorney, which will date from his induction into office after the November election, there will soon be much less "trouble in de land," and those who have heard Eph Lillard and Bob sing of it will be surprised. But the sequel will lie in the fact that Bob will prove a first class and fearless prosecutor. Without disparagement to Mr. Smith, and the district being out of our bailiwick, without our put, we predict that Bob Franklin will be as good or a better state's attorney than any of his predecessors. 'Rah for Bob and free silver; they are both extremely live corpses.

* * *

IT MAY not be generally known, but Joseph L. Bristow, the newly appointed fourth assistant postmaster general, is a native of Wolfe county. He was born on Gillmore creek, on the farm known as the Harve Vest place, and his mother was a Miss Little, daughter of old Uncle Phil Little, who died some five years ago. Her maiden name was Savannah, a sister of Elsberry and George Little, if we are correctly informed, and she married Wm. Bristow. The main point, however, in this story is to chronicle the fact that he is a native of this county, and anybody who doubts that he has Little kin here can count 'em. There are 100 or more to bear testimony.

* * *

HON. W. J. DEBOE, state senator from the Fourth district, and himself a citizen of Crittenden county, was on Wednesday of last week elected United States senator, to succeed Hon. J. C. Blackburn, every Republican in the general assembly voting for him, 71. Blackburn received 50 votes, Martin 13 and Stone 1; necessary to a choice, 68. Mr. Deboe is doubtless a very good man, of the kind (Republican), but he is so little known as to be almost obscure. People will be prone to inquire as did the individual in jail, of whom we have heard. A culprit in one of the jails in the mountains of North Carolina—now, North Carolina, mind—was being advised with spiritually when the reverend gentleman referred to said, among other things, "Christ is here to save you." Instantly came the ejaculation, "The h—, and whar'd he cum frum?" So of Deboe, "whar'd he cum frum?"

* * *

"THE road to riches lies through printers' ink," is an aphorism frequently quoted by those who have amassed fabulous fortunes by means of advertising. Now, if "lies through printers' ink" lead to fortune, the reason the editor of THE HERALD has never attained wealth is apparent to every "constant reader" of our paper. We never could tell how it was that, struggle as we might and stint as we have often been constrained to do, the shekels would not come our way. Even when we have at times possessed a few of them, seldom instances, they have gone from us as "ships that pass in the night." And now that we realize the mistake we have made, we feel that we are growing old and that it is too late to learn new tricks. But after all, is it not better to be and remain a poor man than to be a plutocrat by means of "lies through printers' ink"? True, it is most wonderfully inconvenient to do without the needful, but the proud consciousness of not having resorted to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," is some consolation to our sad comfort, and we will continue to plod along in the even tenor of our way and "truth shall prevail though the heavens fall."

* * *

AMONG the younger politicians in the Democratic party of Kentucky, South Trimble, a resident of this town in his boyhood days, but now a citizen of Franklin county, is a leader, and of right has earned the laurels he wears so gracefully. No man in Kentucky labored more zealously for the principles of the Democratic party and the triumph of free silver in this state last fall than did he, and we note with pride every stride he is making to forge to the front. "A prophet is without honor in his own country," is an old saw, and has nearly always proved as true as 'tis trite, but in Franklin county, the home of his adoption, the Democratic party and people alike extoll his excellence and applaud the ability of South Trimble, which is evidenced from the handsome endorsement he had in his nomination for representative from that county at a primary election held some time since. In everything that pertains to the prosperity of the country South proves his faith by his works, and goes to the field of battle in person to fight for its best interests, delegating no duty to others that he feels devolve upon him. His friends here will pray and pull for his election in the fall, and we feel that the prayer will be answered—and the pull also.

* * *

THE fair association at this place was inaugurated eight years ago for the improvement of home stock by the importation of better breeds, etc., etc., and that it has been the means of doing much in that direction no one will deny. Hence we hate to chronicle the fact that the directors last Saturday decided to hold no fair this year. This ought not, and must not be. If the stockholders of the association will not hold it, enough enterprise should be exerted to get up a new company that will have a fair, and this we understand is the present effort. No man who has the means and a proper pride for his town, county or community can consistently refuse to contribute to an enterprise so promising for the future and so profitable in the past—not only profitable to stockholders, but profitable to the farmers, in that stock and agricultural prodocts have improved from its very inception. And, figuring for the future by its profits in the past, no man need fear as to his pecuniary interests, as the average per cent. of profit has been indeed quite pretty. Let us have the fair by all means, and let those who take the matter in hand, be they few or many, resolve and stick to it, that the fair shall be the greatest and best and most profitable we have ever held. Let us not only hope, but do

"In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will—and wisdom finds a way"

* * *

Now, that the Kentucky senator has been elected (at fearful financial cost to the state), the pie hunters may begin to pass their plates. In reference to postmasters Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow has announced that all will be allowed to hold to the end of their terms. But he being a Republican, and Republicans generally being unreliable in political promises, we advise the lines of the "Gypsy's warning:"

"Trust him not, he's fooling you:
Beware! Oh, beware!"

But, speaking of Bristow, brings to mind the fact that we heard a few days ago of the departure for Washington of two young Republicans of this county, one of whom is said to be after the postoffice at this place. They both claim that the fourth assistant postmaster is their own blood cousin, and, having an eye on pie,

When they heard his name was Bristow,
They to Washington did go,

and if they be really akin and the new postmaster general nurtured in the theory of nepotism, there may be method in their madness that we wot not. Howard Little wants to write P. M. at the end of his signature, and Lilburn Graham desires a deputy collectorship in this district, but would be satisfied with most any old thing at hand. The push for postmaster has heretofore been confined to two of our resident citizens, and the result of the three-cornered race, in which "your country cousin" is the contestant, will be awaited with anxiety. "Sick 'em, Boston," is all we can say; "it's none o' our fight."

Salesmen Wanted to Sell

Spring beds and braces, patent lock pin clevis, Turko-Russian baths and appliances (in connection with physicians) and specialties. Address J. M. Havens, Hazel Green, Ky.

The man who sits him down to read
The modern city weekly through,
Has either got a job on hand,
Or else he hasn't much to do.—Truth.

Subscribe for, pay for, and read THE HERALD if you would prosper. It is a little pill, but fills the bill. Yes; you, too, we emphasize; if you're wise, you'll advertise.

Elder J. T. Pieratt, of Hazel Green, is holding a protracted meeting at Pleasant Valley. He is an able expounder of God's word.—Bath County Democrat.

GREAT CLOSING SALE!

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

The Best $5.00 Suit 7.50 Suit 10.00 Suit in Kentucky.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

When you visit Lexington, do not fail to call on Louis & Gus Straus.

DEATH

When it refers to the end of our earthly career has a horrible sound to any but the saintly. But in the sense we use it, it refers to the annihilation of high prices and renders everybody happy, especially in hard times. See our prices on a few staples:

Arbuckle Coffee, per pound, only	15c	Good Green Coffee Eight pounds for	$1
Extra "C" Sugar, per pound, only	6c	APPLES 2-pound can, only	10c
Men's Good Brogan Shoes, As long as they last	95c	SEA GRASS ROPE 50 feet for	20c
Ladies' Good G. G. Shoes, While they last	90c	TIN CUPS Half gallon, quart and pint, all for	10c
SODA per pound	4c	2-Gal. Tin Bucket For the very low price of	15c
PIE PEACHES 2-pound can, only	10c	All Other Goods in Proportion.	

When you want Bargains you can be gratified by calling on

J. F. DEBUSK & CO.

MIZE, KENTUCKY.

Merchantable Produce taken in Exchange for Goods, otherwise Cash.

FOR WATCHES

And Watch Repairing GO TO FRED J. HEINTZ, 135 E. Main, LEXINGTON, KY.

NEW MILLINERY.

MRS. S. B. KASH.

Fashionable: Milliner,

Will be in Hazel Green this spring with a full line of the latest and newest styles of Millinery Goods, at the lowest prices, and asks the ladies to await her coming before making their spring purchases.

NEWEST STYLES, LOWEST PRICES.

W. T. COLVIN, WITH TRIMBLE BROTHERS, Wholesale Grocers, MT. STERLING, KY

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

—o—

HERE'S A GOOD THING:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Thrice-a-Week World..... 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 65

HERE'S ANOTHER:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer.. 75—$1 75
Both Papers, One year..... 1 50

AND STILL ANOTHER:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Louisville Weekly Comm'rcial 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 25

THIS IS A "CORKER:"
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Louisville Evening Post..... 5 00—$6 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 2 70

YOU CAN'T MISS THIS:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Toledo Weekly Blade..... 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 25

JUST LOOK AT THIS:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Twice-a-Week Cour'r-Journal 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 50

ANOTHER BARGAIN:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Home & Farm, semi-monthly. 50—$1 50
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 25

ONCE MORE:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
The Cosmopolitan, monthly..... 1 00—$2 00
Both one year..... 1 80

THE BEST OF ALL:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Louisville Weekly Dispatch.. 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 65

☞This offer is open to new subsribers who pay one year in advance, and to all old subscribers who pay up arrears and one year in advance. Now is the time to subscribe. Send for sample copies.

☞Any publication in the United States will be furnished in connection with THE HERALD and our subscribers allowed the discount. Address

THE HERALD, Hazel Green, Ky.

W. J. SEITZ, WITH W. M. KERR & CO., JOBBERS IN Hardware & Agricultural Implements, IRONTON, O.

THE HERALD FOR ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

THE HERALD.

LOCAL LACONICS.

Soon they will come from far and near,
And the saints all gither 'round,
A sermon from Jim Tom to hear,
And have "dinner on the ground."

Henry Cecil visited his home Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. S. B. Kash returned home Monday evening.

T. M. Lee arrived here Tuesday morning from Midland, Texas.

Mrs. Gilly Ann Harper, on Grassy, is said to be quite sick of a fever.

May has come with showers and we trust they will be of blessing.

Prof. H. H. Hailey will preach at the Grassy church on Sunday morning.

Mrs. T. M. Lee, who was reported as being sick last week is some better.

Mrs Jordan Wills, of Maytown, has been very sick for several days past.

Callie Oney, who has been sick for a few days, is able to be back at school.

Andy James came up from Montgomery on Sunday and returned Tuesday.

Tom Power, of Ezel, returned Sunday and has resumed his studies at the academy.

J. H. Evans and J. H. Rose went to Mt. Sterling this week to attend the "big show"

Shoes and slippers away down in price but high up in quality at the J. T. Day Racket Store.

J. Richmond DeBusk and bride (nee Taulbee) spent Sunday with the family of the latter's pap.

Jack Day, of Pinhook, is confined to his home with an injured leg, the result of a steer's kick, we hear.

Misses Nannie Bayes and Bertha James left Tuesday morning for their homes in Montgomery county.

Rev. H. D. Adams will begin a protracted meeting at Salem on Friday before the third Sunday in May.

Nine persons were received into the fellowship of the Christian church in this place on last Sunday morning.

Dr. John Taulbee reports the following patients under his care: Mrs. John Pieratt, Mrs. Isom Day and Bobby Day.

Robert B. Day, who has been suffering for some time with scrofula and catarrh, has been confined to his bed for several days

James Young and Emmett Ledford left Sunday morning for their homes in Montgomery county, to be absent only a few days.

Hon. W. O. Mize will this week leave for Danville to attend the commencement exercises of Centre college, of which his son Carl is a student.

Miss Lula Kash left last week for Fincastle, where she will be engaged in mercantile business for her brother-in-law, Willie Jones, for awhile.

Taylor Day is having his John Rose store house repainted, and all the guys in town are guessing as to whether he's going to open up another store.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a girl baby to the wife of George Banks, on the Nigger fork of Frozen, Breathitt county, on Friday; weight 11 pounds.

Edward Coulter, nephew of Mrs. W. T. Caskey, arrived at this place on his bike last Thursday evening from Neosho, Mo. He will remain here for an indefinite time.

Clay Cisco made a flying trip Saturday to his home, near White Oak, returning Sunday, and if you don't believe it rained "Showers of Blessings" on him both days just ask Clay.

On Sunday at the Christian church the subjects for sermons will be, at 11 a. m. "True Submission," and at 7:45 p. m., "What Saves Us?" All are cordially invited to attend both services.

On State street, in this town, appears in large letters the sign, "Day's Stable," and diagonally across the street is Day's table, too. The latter is the hostelry of Mrs. Lou Day, while the former is the hostlery of J. T. Day.

Henry Pieratt was telling our "man about town" of a sale of hogs he made the other day, and knowing that Henry had bought them for speculation, our m. a. t questioningly observed, "I guess you got out whole." "No, I got in it," replied the one-gallused trader

Sebron Walters, a near-by citizen, is now dealing in futures, judging from a trade he made Saturday. He had purchased for $5 a male calf, and seeing that Henry Pieratt was "possessed of one,"—a calf just like his, but one day younger, he bought that also, at $5. They are said to be "p'int blank" alike in color and marks and if they grow up "as like as peas in a pod" will make a right yoke of work cattle. But to match them when only a week old and take chances on their being big cattle is a risky business, hence the assertion that Sebe is dealing in futures.

The Methodist church is being repainted, and the first coat is yellow ochre, which gives the building a sombre hue, and reminds our "man about town" of a remark he heard the other day. While a crowd were looking at the painting and the painters, a gentleman remarked, "It looks like a cloud was settling over the church," and, as the speaker belonged to another denomination, our worldly m. a. t. wondered if the speech had any significance.

Oscar Cecil, acting on the principle that "the heavier the feed the heavier the hog," on Thursday last got a piece of iron into his crusher while grinding corn, with the result that he "busted" the machine. He brought it to Rose & Davis Friday and they repaired the damage. Another illustration that "It's an ill wind which blows nobody good" But Oc says when he again wants a heavy feed he will try lead in lieu of iron.

Mrs. Belle Godsey, and, by the way, a belle of benevolence hard to beat, has the thanks of the editor and his better ½ for a mess each of fine spring onions and lettuce, the eating of which caused the fractional part of the second part to seek his couch and in the arms of Morpheus

"Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking
Morn of toil or night of waking,"

as it were, and yet be on hand for breakfast and his regular ration of biscuit.

Our "man about town" a few days since heard a good one on a member of a church of our town. The member referred to is very fond of a social game of euchre, and whenever occasion offers indulges in the pastime. A night or so after a recent game in which he participated, he was called upon to lead in prayer, "I pass," he said, "let Brudder —— deal 'em sope." Being requested to explain he replied, "I had no trumps."

The recent discovery of a fine vein of coal on Rich Hill THE HERALD rendezvous, has greatly enhanced its value and no more will we hear it spoken of as "Poverty Point." That "Providence will provide," is as clearly proven in this instance as in any case of which we have cognizance. The cold wave caught us without fuel, but the black diamonds of our new discovery supplied the demand.

The Coulee City (Wash.) News, of the 24th ult., has the following personal of our brother, whom we have not seen since 1879: "Yardmaster Valentine Cooper was a Spokane visitor yesterday." That he is in railroad service and in line of promotion is plain, and if our prayer prevails he will ere long be president. And then—we'll strike him for a pass.

Mrs. S. B Kash has returned from her protracted trip to Louisville millinery stores, and will display an entire new stock of hats, bonnets, millinery goods, etc., Friday and Saturday, May 7 and 8. The ladies are especially invited to call and examine the goods and learn the low prices.

Married, at the residence of the bride's brother, Gordon Wells, Pres. Gilley and Mrs. Vina Wells-Hobbs, by Rev. Jeff Edwards. The wedding was later on ratified by a dance at Gordon's house, and the assembled guests tripped the light fantastic till way in the night on yesterday.

Mrs. Tom Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wallis, is said to be quite ill. Mr. Lee, who lives on a ranch near Midland, Texas, has been telegraphed for, and is hourly expected.

Later—Mr. Lee arrived Tuesday noon and found his wife much better than reported.

For children who take cold easily and are subject to the croup, no remedy is so helpful as Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It should be in every house ready for an emergency.

Dr. John Taulbee reports the birth of a girl baby Sunday night to Mrs. Maggie Elkins, widow of Robt. Elkins, killed here last fall. Name—Edna Tyler.

Miss Etta James, daughter of Widow James, of this place, is visiting her uncle, Andy James, in Montgomery county.

WANTED!

1,000 Pounds of Bacon,
$3,000 You Owe Us!

And all the good trade of Wolfe and Morgan Counties.

Now we lay us down to sleep,
We pray the Lord our goods to keep,
Unless the CASH for them we get,
As for our creditors now we sweat.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I will not wait till I am dead,
To pay Pieratt & Co. for meat and bread?

There are some men we know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But they, we fear, will go to—well,
The place where there's no winter.

Others we know to friends are just,
To such we never say, You must;
For at the time and promised day,
They're on hand and in full pay!
Amen.

H. F. PIERATT & CO.,

Friends of the People. HAZEL GREEN, KY.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET. LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.

GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

Rev. J. E. Deggendorf, the new Presbyterian minister who will have charge of the church at this place, arrived yesterday and was the guest of Robt. J. McLin last night. Mr. Deggendorf will also have charge of the church at Frenchburg, and on Gillmore, if we are not mistaken. It is his first visit to this section of the mountains, although he spent two years in Letcher and Perry counties, and on behalf of the citizens of Hazel Green, and especially the members of his church at this place we bid him welcome, and hope he will find his sojourn among us a pleasant one. He comes to us from Louisville, but is a native of Missouri, his home being Potosi, where a brother of his publishes the Journal.

Alex James will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better ½ for a fine specimen of the snapping turtle that he brought us Saturday, and upon which ye scribe and the pharisees of his household regaled themselves Sunday. The menu in the main consisted of turtle fried, turtle stewed and turtle soup, the latter being so good as to inspire these lines:

Oh, turtle soup and chicken pie,
We hope for lots befo' we die.

Dick Phipps was in our office Monday and in response to an inquiry for news delivered himself of the following: "G. C. Byrd and Isom Long, two of my neighbors, have just fenced their truck patches with nice palings, preparatory to raising garden sass, and me and John Amyx is doin' tol'able well with our mill, which is located at Dick's Glory, on Upper Grassy."

Two Mormon elders preached from the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at this place for three nights last week, but failed to convert any one to their faith. All who attended were impressed with their knowledge of the Bible, however, and granted them an attentive audience and respectful hearing.

E. Johnson, representing the Simpson Computing Scale Co., is a guest of the Day House. Accompanied by ye scribe he visited Swango Spring, and after sampling the water pronounced it very fine.

Robert J. McLin will leave Saturday for Cincinnati to purchase new spring and summer goods for The J. T. Day Co. of this place.

J. Paris Salyer, of Lickburg, is visiting his sisters, Misses Belle and Rosa, of our town.

Arbuckle coffee 15c. or 7 pounds for a $1 at the J. T. Day Co Racket Store.

Miss Etta Swango, a daughter of Arbury, is confined to her home by illness.

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's and **ONLY HOOD'S.**

NORMAL. PREPARATORY

Hazel Green Academy.

THE

Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky.

THE NEXT TERM OF TEN WEEKS WILL BEGIN

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1897.

A THOROUGH REVIEW

Of the Public School Course will be given. Here is an opportunity to prepare for the Examinations for Teachers' Certificates.

Studies in the Regular Course may be taken without extra cost.

Tuition for the Ten Week, $5.00. Matriculation, $1.00. Board, $20.00.

Enter on the 29th.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.

ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN. KENTUCKY.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

Bowling Green Business College

THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.

A School of Business Shorthand Penmanship Telegraphy & Typewriting

HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS, RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.

CATALOGUE and JOURNAL FREE. ADDRESS Cherry Bros. Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD IS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN EASTERN KY.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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Dr. Gum Hunter, him dar, too,
An' now, what yer gwine ter do?

* * *

THE more precious the article the smaller the package. THE HERALD this week is an example—rich in rubies rare. We take silver—when we can get it—and $1 pays for it a year.

* * *

ALPHABETICALLY running down our delinquent list we note that the "H's" hold the score. Now, delinquent being a synonym for dereliction of duty, we are led to wonder if their destination is to h—. Well, it seems significant, to say the least. But the next letter in the roll of honor(?) being "B," which begins "burn," the two appear prophetic of a pyrotechnical display some day. Eh, what'd you say? Goin' to pay? O. K!

* * *

IF MR. MCKINLEY will consult us—but he's not going to do it—we can give him a few pointers when he wants to make a new United States marshal for Kentucky. W. J. Seitz, of West Liberty, is the man we would suggest to his honor, and if he appoints him the appointment will be approved of by both Democrats and Republicans all over this section. As we asked no audience in the building of his cabinet, we hope Mr. McKinley will hear us in this, and if he does so we will forgive him the unnecessary tariff we had to pay on a necktie by reason of his nefarious bill. "He shan't outclever us."

* * *

WHILE the lamented John M. Elliott was the presiding judge in the judicial district of which Menefee was a part, he was holding court in Frenchburg, when a character well known for his boisterous conduct, under a fair-sized load of tangle foot, appeared in the court room. Looking over to where the judge sat in his official capacity and dignity of office, who was at the time hearing the evidence in a case, the individual referred to blurted out: "Look-a-heah, jedge, I'm a hoss." Judge Elliott, apparently unruffled by the interruption, turned and said, "Mr. Sheriff, take that horse and put him in the stable," and the jailer jailed him until he recovered from his jag. It is needless to say that the court was never again interrupted.

* * *

BOB FRANKLIN secured the nomination for commonwealth's attorney in the Fourteenth judicial district. His opponent and the present incumbent, John S. Smith, of Bourbon, placed him in nomination before the convention and moved his election by acclamation. When Bob gets to be commonwealth's attorney, which will date from his induction into office after the November election, there will soon be much less "trouble in de land," and those who have heard Eph Lillard and Bob sing of it will be surprised. But the sequel will lie in the fact that Bob will prove a first class and fearless prosecutor. Without dispargement to Mr. Smith, and the district being out of our bailiwick, without our put, we predict that Bob Franklin will be as good or a better state's attorney than any of his predecessors. 'Rah for Bob and free silver; they are both extremely live corpses.

* * *

IT MAY not be generally known, but Joseph L. Bristow, the newly appointed fourth assistant postmaster general, is a native of Wolfe county. He was born on Gillmore creek, on the farm known as the Harve Vest place, and his mother was a Miss Little, daughter of old Uncle Phil Little, who died some five years ago. Her maiden name was Savannah, a sister of Elsberry and George Little, if we are correctly informed, and she married Wm. Bristow. The main point, however, in this story is to chronicle the fact that he is a native of this county, and anybody who doubts that he has Little kin here can count 'em. There are 100 or more to bear testimony.

* * *

HON. W. J. DEBOE, state senator from the Fourth district, and himself a citizen of Crittenden county, was on Wednesday of last week elected United States senator, to succeed Hon. J. C. Blackburn, every Republican in the general assembly voting for him, 71. Blackburn received 50 votes, Martin 13 and Stone 1; necessary to a choice, 68. Mr. Deboe is doubtless a very good man, of the kind (Republican), but he is so little known as to be almost obscure. People will be prone to inquire as did the individual in jail, of whom we have heard. A culprit in one of the jails in the mountains of North Carolina—now, North Carolina, mind—was being advised with spiritually when the reverend gentleman referred to said, among other things, "Christ is here to save you." Instantly came the ejaculation, "The h—, and whar'd he cum frum?" So of Deboe, "whar'd he cum frum?"

* * *

"THE road to riches lies through printers' ink," is an aphorism frequently quoted by those who have amassed fabulous fortunes by means of advertising. Now, if "lies through printers' ink" lead to fortune, the reason the editor of THE HERALD has never attained wealth is apparent to every "constant reader" of our paper. We never could tell how it was that, struggle as we might and stint as we have often been constrained to do, the shekels would not come our way. Even when we have at times possessed a few of them, seldom instances, they have gone from us as "ships that pass in the night." And now that we realize the mistake we have made, we feel that we are growing old and that it is too late to learn new tricks. But after all, is it not better to be and remain a poor man than to be a plutocrat by means of "lies through printers' ink?" True, it is most wonderfully inconvenient to do without the needful, but the proud consciousness of not having resorted to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," is some consolation in our declining comfort, and we will continue to plod along in the even tenor of our way and "truth shall prevail though the heavens fall."

* * *

AMONG the younger politicians in the Democratic party of Kentucky, South Trimble, a resident of this town in his boyhood days, but now a citizen of Franklin county, is a leader, and of right has earned the laurels he wears so gracefully. No man in Kentucky labored more zealously for the principles of the Democratic party and the triumph of free silver in this state last fall than did he, and we note with pride every stride he is making to forge to the front. "A prophet is without honor in his own country," is an old saw, and has nearly always proved as true as 'tis trite, but in Franklin county, the home of his adoption, the Democratic party and people alike extoll his excellence and applaud the ability of South Trimble, which is evidenced from the handsome endorsement he had in his nomination for representative from that county at a primary election held some time since. In everything that pertains to the prosperity of the country South proves his faith by his works, and goes to the field of battle in person to fight for its best interests, delegating no duty to others that he feels devolve upon him. His friends here will pray and pull for his election in the fall, and we feel that the prayer will be answered—and the pull also.

* * *

THE fair association at this place was inaugurated eight years ago for the improvement of home stock by the importation of better breeds, etc., etc., and that it has been the means of doing much in that direction no one will deny. Hence we hate to chronicle the fact that the directors last Saturday decided to hold no fair this year. This ought not, and must not be. If the stockholders of the association will not hold it, enough enterprise should be exerted to get up a new company that will have a fair, and this we understand is the present effort. No man who has the means and a proper pride for his town, county or community can consistently refuse to contribute to an enterprise so promising for the future and so profitable in the past—not only profitable to stockholders, but profitable to the farmers, in that stock and agricultural products have improved from its very inception. And, figuring for the future by its profits in the past, no man need fear as to his pecuniary interests, as the average per cent. of profit has been indeed quite pretty. Let us have the fair by all means, and let those who take the matter in hand, be they few or many, resolve and stick to it, that the fair shall be the greatest and best and most profitable we have ever held. Let us not only hope, but do.

"To idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will—and wisdom finds a way"

* * *

Now, that the Kentucky senator has been elected (at fearful financial cost to the state), the pie hunters may begin to pass their plates. In reference to postmasters Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow has announced that all will be allowed to hold to the end of their terms. But he being a Republican, and Republicans generally being unreliable in political promises, we advise the lines of the "Gypsy's warning:"

"Trust him not, he's fooling you;
Beware! Oh, beware!"

But, speaking of Bristow, brings to mind the fact that we heard a few days ago of the departure for Washington of two young Republicans of this county, one of whom is said to be after the postoffice at this place. They both claim that the fourth assistant postmaster is their own blood cousin, and, having an eye on pie,

When they heard his name was Bristow,
They to Washington did go,

and if they be really akin and the new postmaster general nurtured in the theory of nepotism, there may be method in their madness that we wot not. Howard Little wants to write P. M. at the end of his signature, and Lilburn Graham desires a deputy collectorship in this district, but would be satisfied with most any old thing at hand. The push for postmaster has heretofore been confined to two of our resident citizens, and the result of the three-cornered race, in which "your country cousin" is the contestant, will be awaited with anxiety. "Sick 'em, Boston," is all we can say; "it's none o' our fight."

* * *

Salesmen Wanted to Sell

Spring beds and braces, patent lock pin clevis, Turko-Russian baths and appliances (in connection with physicians) and specialties. Address J. M. Havens, Hazel Green, Ky.

The man who sits him down to read
The modern city weekly through,
Has either got a job on hand,
Or else he hasn't much to do.—Truth.

Subscribe for, pay for, and read THE HERALD if you would prosper. It is a little pill, but fills the bill. Yes; you, too, we emphasize; if you're wise, you'll advertise.

Elder J. T. Pieratt, of Hazel Green, is holding a protracted meeting at Pleasant Valley. He is an able expounder of God's word.—Bath County Democrat.

GREAT CLOSING SALE!

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

The Best $5.00 Suit 7.50 Suit 10.00 Suit in Kentucky.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

When you visit Lexington, do not fail to call on Louis & Gus Straus.

DEATH

When it refers to the end of our earthly career has a horrible sound to any but the saintly. But in the sense we use it, it refers to the annihilation of high prices and renders everybody happy, especially in hard times. See our prices on a few staples:

Arbuckle Coffee, per pound, only	15c	Good Green Coffee Eight pounds for	$1
Extra "C" Sugar, per pound, only	6c	APPLES 2-pound can, only	10c
Men's Good Brogan Shoes, As long as they last	95c	SEA GRASS ROPE 50 feet for	20c
Ladies' Good G. C. Shoes, While they last	90c	TIN CUPS Half gallon, quart and pint, all for	10c
SODA per pound	4c	2-Gal. Tin Bucket For the very low price of	15c
PIE PEACHES 2 pound can, only	10c	All Other Goods in Proportion.	

When you want Bargains you can be gratified by calling on

J. R. DEBUSK & CO.

MIZE, KENTUCKY.

Merchantable Produce taken in Exchange for Goods, otherwise Cash.

FOR WATCHES

And Watch Repairing

GO TO

FRED J. HEINTZ,

135 E. Main,

LEXINGTON, KY.

NEW MILLINERY.

MRS. S. B. KASH.

Fashionable : Milliner,

Will be in Hazel Green this spring with a full line of the latest and newest styles of Millinery Goods, at the lowest prices, and asks the ladies to await her coming before making their spring purchases.

NEWEST STYLES, LOWEST PRICES.

W. T. COLVIN, WITH

TRIMBLE BROTHERS,

Wholesale Grocers,

MT. STERLING, KY

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

—o—

HERE'S A GOOD THING:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Thrice-a-Week World..... 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 65

HERE'S ANOTHER:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer.. 75—$1 75
Both Papers, One year..... 1 50

AND STILL ANOTHER:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Louisville Weekly Comm'rcial 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 25

THIS IS A "CORKER:"
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Louisville Evening Post..... 5 00—$6 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 2 70

YOU CAN'T MISS THIS:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Toledo Weekly Blade..... 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 25

JUST LOOK AT THIS:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Twice-a-Week Cour'r-Journal 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 50

ANOTHER BARGAIN:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Home & Farm, semi-monthly. 50—$1 50
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 25

ONCE MORE:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
The Cosmopolitan, monthly..... 1 00—$2 00
Both one year..... 1 80

THE BEST OF ALL:
The Hazel Green Herald.....$1 00
Louisville Weekly Dispatch.. 1 00—$2 00
Both Papers, One Year..... 1 65

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W. M. KERR & CO.,

JOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

IRONTON, O.

THE HERALD FOR ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

THE HERALD.

LOCAL LACONICS.

Soon they will come from far and near,
And the saints all gather 'round,
A sermon from Jim Tom to hear,
And have "dinner on the ground."

Henry Cecil visited his home Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. S. B. Kash returned home Monday evening.

T. M. Lee arrived here Tuesday morning from Midland, Texas.

Mrs. Gilly Ann Harper, on Grassy, is said to be quite sick of a fever.

May has come with showers and we trust they will be of blessing.

Prof. H. H. Halley will preach at the Greasy church on Sunday morning.

Mrs. T. M. Lee, who was reported as being sick last week is some better.

Mrs Jordan Wills, of Maytown, has been very sick for several days past.

Callie Oney, who has been sick for a few days, is able to be back at school.

Andy James came up from Montgomery on Sunday and returned Tuesday.

Tom Power, of Ezel, returned Sunday and has resumed his studies at the academy.

J. H. Evans and J. H. Rose went to Mt. Sterling this week to attend the "big show"

Shoes and slippers away down in price but high up in quality at the J. T. Day Racket Store.

J. Richmond DeBusk and bride (nee Taulbee) spent Sunday with the family of the latter's pap.

Jack Day, of Pinhook, is confined to his home with an injured leg, the result of a steer's kick, we hear.

Misses Nannie Pryes and Bertha James left Tuesday morning for their homes in Montgomery county.

Rev. H. D. Adams will begin a protracted meeting at Salem on Friday before the third Sunday in May.

Nine persons were received into the fellowship of the Christian church in this place, on last Sunday morning.

Dr. John Taulbee reports the following patients under his care: Mrs. John Pieratt, Mrs. Lou Day and Bobby Day.

Robert B. Day, who has been suffering for some time with scrofula and catarrh, has been confined to his bed for several days

James Young and Emmett Ledford left Sunday morning for their homes in Montgomery county, to be absent only a few days.

Hon. W. O. Mize will this week leave for Danville to attend the commencement exercises of Centre college, of which his son Carl is a student.

Miss Lula Kash left last week for Fincastle, where she will be engaged in mercantile business for her brother-in-law, Willie Jones, for awhile.

Taylor Day is having his John Rose store house repainted, and all the guys in town are guessing as to whether he's going to open up another store.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a girl baby to the wife of George Banks, on the Nigger fork of Frozen, Breathitt county, on Friday; weight 11 pounds.

Edward Coulter, nephew of Mrs. W. T. Caskey, arrived at this place on his bike last Thursday evening from Neosho, Mo. He will remain here for an indefinite time.

Clay Cisco made a flying trip Saturday to his home, near White Oak, returning Sunday, and if you don't believe it rained "Showers of Blessings" on him both days just ask Clay.

On Sunday at the Christian church the subjects for sermons will be, at 11 a. m. "True Submission," and at 7:45 p. m., "What Saves Us?" All are cordially invited to attend both services.

On State street, in this town, appears in large letters the sign, "Day's Stable," and diagonally across the street is Day's table, too. The latter is the hostelry of Mrs. Lou Day, while the former is the hostlery of J. T. Day.

Henry Pieratt was telling our "man about town" of a sale of hogs he made the other day, and knowing that Henry had bought them for speculation, our m. a. t questioningly observed, "I guess you got out whole." "No, I got in it," replied the one-gallused trader

Sebron Walters, a near by citizen, is now dealing in futures, judging from a trade he made Saturday. He had purchased for $5 a male calf, and seeing that Henry Pieratt was "possessed of one,"—a calf just like his, but one day younger, he bought that also, at $8. They are said to be "p'int blank" alike in color and marks and if they grow up "as like as peas in a pod" will make a right yoke of work cattle. But to match them when only a week old and take chances on their being big cattle is a risky business, hence the assertion that Sebe is dealing in futures.

The Methodist church is being repainted, and the first coat is yellow ochre, which gives the building a sombre hue, and reminds our "man about town" of a remark he heard the other day. While a crowd were looking at the painting and the painters, a gentleman remarked, "It looks like a cloud was settling over the church," and, as the speaker belonged to another denomination, our worldly m. a. t. wondered if the speech had any significance.

Oscar Cecil, acting on the principle that "the heavier the feed the heavier the hog," on Thursday last got a piece of iron into his crusher while grinding corn, with the result that he "bu-ted" the machine. He brought it to Rose & Davis Friday and they repaired the damage. Another illustration that "It's an ill wind which blows nobody good" But Oc says when he again wants a heavy feed he will try lead in lieu of iron.

Mrs. Belle Godsey, and, by the way, a belle of benevolence hard to beat, has the thanks of the editor and his better ½ for a mess each of fine spring onions and lettuce, the eating of which caused the fractional part of the second part to seek his couch and in the arms of Morpheus

"Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking
Morn of toil or night of waking,"

as it were, and yet be on hand for breakfast and his regular ration of biscuit.

Our "man about town" a few days since heard a good one on a member of a church of our town. The member referred to is very fond of a social game of euchre, and whenever occasion offers indulges in the pastime. A night or so after a recent game in which he participated, he was called upon to lead in prayer, "I bass," he said, "let Brudder —— dake 'im sop." Being requested to explain he replied, "I hat no drumps."

The recent discovery of a fine vein of coal on Rich Hill, THE HERALD rendezvous, has greatly enhanced its value and no more will we hear it spoken of as "Poverty Point." That "Providence will provide," is as clearly proven in this instance as in any case of which we have cognizance. The cold wave caught us without fuel, but the black diamonds of our new discovery supplied the demand.

The Coulee City (Wash.) News, of the 24th ult., has the following personal of our brother, whom we have not seen since 1879: "Yardmaster Valentine Cooper was a Spokane visitor yesterday." That he is in railroad service and in line of promotion is plain, and if our prayer prevails he will ere long be president. And then—we'll strike him for a pass.

Mrs. S. B Kash has returned from her protracted trip to Louisville millinery stores, and will display an entire new stock of hats, bonnets, millinery goods, etc., Friday and Saturday, May 7 and 8. The ladies are especially invited to call and examine the goods and learn the low prices.

Married, at the residence of the bride's brother, Gordon Wells, Pres. Gilley and Mrs. Vina Wells-Hobbs, by Rev. Jeff Edwards. The wedding was later on ratified by a dance at Gordon's house, and the assembled guests tripped the light fantastic till way in the night on yesterday.

Mrs. Tom Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wallis, is said to be quite ill. Mr. Lee, who lives on a ranch near Midland, Texas, has been telegraphed for, and is hourly expected.

Later—Mr. Lee arrived Tuesday noon and found his wife much better than reported.

For children who take cold easily and are subject to the croup, no remedy is so helpful as Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It should be in every house ready for an emergency.

Dr. John Taulbee reports the birth of a girl baby Sunday night to Mrs. Maggie Elkins, widow of Robt. Elkins, killed here last fall. Name—Edna Tyler.

Miss Etta James, daughter of Widow James, of this place, is visiting her uncle, Andy James, in Montgomery county.

WANTED!

1,000 Pounds of Bacon,

$3,000 You Owe Us!

And all the good trade of Wolfe and Morgan Counties.

Now we lay us down to sleep,
We pray the Lord our goods to keep,
Unless the CASH for them we get,
As for our creditors now we sweat.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I will not wait till I am dead,
To pay Pieratt & Co. for meat and bread?

There are some men we know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But they, we fear, will go to—well,
The place where there's no winter.

Others we know to friends are just,
To such we never say, You must;
For at the time and promised day,
They're on hand and in full pay!
Amen.

H. F. PIERATT & CO.,

Friends of the People. HAZEL GREEN, KY.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET. LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.

GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

Rev. J. E. Deggendorf, the new Presbyterian minister who will have charge of the church at this place, arrived yesterday and was the guest of Robt. J. McLin last night. Mr. Deggendorf will also have charge of the church at Frenchburg, and on Gillmore, if we are not mistaken. It is his first visit to this section of the mountains, although he spent two years in Letcher and Perry counties, and on behalf of the citizens of Hazel Green, and especially the members of his church at this place we bid him welcome, and hope he will find his sojourn among us a pleasant one. He comes to us from Louisville, but is a native of Missouri, his home being Potosi, where a brother of his publishes the Journal.

Alex James will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better ½ for a fine specimen of the snapping turtle that he brought us Saturday, and upon which ye scribe and the pharisees of his household regaled themselves Sunday. The menu in the main consisted of turtle fried, turtle stewed and turtle soup, the latter being so good as to inspire these lines:

Oh, turtle soup and chicken pie,
We hope for lots befo' we die.

Dick Phipps was in our office Monday and in response to an inquiry for news delivered himself of the following: "G. C. Byrd and Isom Long, two of my neighbors, have just fenced their truck patches with nice palings, preparatory to raising garden sass, and me and John Amyx is doin' tol'able well with our mill, which is located at Dick's Glory, on Upper Grassy."

Two Mormon elders preached from the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at this place for three nights last week, but failed to convert any one to their faith. All who attended were impressed with their knowledge of the Bible, however, and granted them an attentive audience and respectful hearing.

E. Johnson, representing the Simpson Computing Scale Co., is a guest of the Day House. Accompanied by ye scribe he visited Swango Spring, and after sampling the water pronounced it very fine.

Robert J. McLin will leave Saturday for Cincinnati to purchase new spring and summer goods for The J. T. Day Co. of this place.

J. Paris Salyer, of Lickburg, is visiting his sisters, Misses Belle and Rosa, of our town.

Arbuckle coffee 15c. or 7 pounds for a $1 at the J. T. Day Co. Racket Store.

Miss Etta Swango, a daughter of Arbury, is confined to her home by illness.

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

NORMAL. PREPARATORY

Hazel Green Academy.

THE

Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky.

THE NEXT TERM OF TEN WEEKS WILL BEGIN

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1897.

A THOROUGH REVIEW

Of the Public School Course will be given. Here is an opportunity to prepare for the Examinations for Teachers' Certificates.

Studies in the Regular Course may be taken without extra cost.

Tuition for the Ten Week, $5.00. Matriculation, $1.00.
Board, $20.00.

Enter on the 29th.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.

ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN. KENTUCKY.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

Bowling Green Business College

THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.

A School of Business Shorthand Penmanship Telegraphy & Typewriting

HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS. RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.

CATALOGUE and JOURNAL FREE. ADDRESS Cherry Bros. Bowling Green: Ky.

THE HERALD IS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN EASTERN KY.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

MY SISTER HAS A BEAU.

When you'se got a big sister, an' your sister's got a beau,
Why, you hev to mind yer manners an' mus' act jes' so an' so;
You'se got to pay attention to mos' everything 'at's said,
An' you hev to be mos' careful er you're hustled off to bed.
I used to hev the bestest times a rompin' 'round at night,
A sayin': "Boo!" to sister, an' a growlin' like I'd bite,
But there ain't no fun in nothin', an' a feller ain't no show
When he's got a great big sister an' his sister has a beau.

He comes to see her Sundays an' they sit aroun' an' talk,
Sometimes he takes her ridin' an' sometimes 'ey take a walk,
An' once he stayed fer dinner 'cause my mamma said he might,
An' he kep' a sayin': "Thank you," jes' as soft-like an' perlite.
Once I jes' sort o' whistled to my ma's canary bird
An' pa said: "Tommy!" cross-like, an' I hadn't said a word.
I tell you, but a feller's got to act jes' so an' so
When he's got a great big sister, an' his sister has a beau.

Ma says mebbe he'll marry sis an' take her off to stay;
I ast my pa about it an' he said: "P'raps he may!"
But when he comes to see her, why, I've got to be so good,
Sometimes I get to thinkin' that I rather wish he would.
'F I want to romp on Sundays why I've got to be so sly,
It seems that all's so quiet, an' I feel just like I'd die.
A feller can't do nothin' an' he hain't got any show
When he's got a great big sister, an' his sister has a beau.

—Ray Farrel Greene, in N. Y. Truth.

A SUMMER'S LOVE.

BY PERCIVAL S. RIDSDALE.

[Copyright, 1897.]

Lizette stood on Bear's Neck and gazed longingly at the speck of white on the border of the horizon. The mist was slowly rising from the water, which lay smooth and still, save for a gentle undulation, like the rise and fall of a sleeping baby's breast. In the east the vapor was pierced by a thousand golden arrows and was fleeing from the assault in a wierd, fantastic rout, upward, ever upward, until lost in the harmony of the green-gray sky. Straight to the point of Cleek's Head the host of advancing day was directed, and Lizette knew that in a few moments the rocks, now dripping with the moisture, would sparkle under the golden beams, as if set with a million precious stones.

Yet, ignoring all the beauties of the scene, she carefully shaded her eyes and gazed intently at a flock of white in the offing, indistinguishable, except to the trained eye; which, even as she gazed, was wrapped in a mantle of vapor. And when it, too, rose to join its comrades fleeing westward, the sail was gone. When first Lizette saw it, she knew from its course, northward and eastward, it was not bound for the Cove, but she had hoped, and hope was strong with her, that the skipper was taking a long tack, and would soon, catching the morning breeze, 'bout ship and head for home.

Lizette turned, and with drooping head and weary footsteps, made her way down the narrow path, and over the rocks toward the spot where the blue smoke, curling lazily upward, told her Mere Choucard was already up and preparing the breakfast.

But once on the way did she stop. It was at the gate in the old stone wall separating the little cottage garden from the neighbors. Here she had stood with him on that last night, here he had kissed her; now in the cold gray dawn, she shivered at the memory, and pressed her cheek caressingly against the cold damp stone post and closed her eyes, obliterating the present and living for a moment in the sweet past.

"Some day, ma chere, we will meet and kiss here again. Some day the Swan will come again to Nova Scotia, sail into the Cove, and leave me here with you, ma petite Lizette."

"Some day." Ah, how she had waited and longed for that day. Twice had the stone wall been hidden under the snows; twice had the little garden greened and flowered, and still Lizette waited, for hope only fades as the heart grows old, and Lizette was but 19.

Faith and hope go hand in hand with love. Sunrise and sunset found Lizette on the Bear's Neck, happy in her love, secure in her faith, strong in her hope, unceasing in her vigil. "When he comes, you must be the first to greet him," her heart whispered. "You must be the first to take his hand," and Lizette was ruled by her heart.

The old people in the village shook their heads sadly, when they spoke of her; the young girls shrugged their shoulders and gave a toss of their heads; the young men gazed wistfully as she walked quietly down the village street. She was "la belle Lizette" to them, and to their sisters and sweethearts, "la pauvre Lizette." But she did not know, she lived in the past and waited for the future: the present was the purgatory of her love. She endured patiently, silently, uncomplainingly; smiled when the day died, for it brought her nearer the future; awoke smiling, for the joy of waiting and hoping was to be hers, until the night.

Pere Choucard misunderstood her and spoke harshly. Called her silly, foolish, and bluntly told her he would never come back; that his words and his promises were idle; that his love was a fancy, the dream of a day; that ere this he was wedded to one of his own standing, and had long ago forgotten the little girl of the Cove.

Pere Choucard often spoke thus, but Lizette only listened indulgently and smiled. Pere Choucard was so good, so strong, yet so rough, and Pere Choucard was old, and spent the day mending his fishing nets or working in his little garden. The Pere did not understand; he could not; so Lizette only smiled and said, softly:

"No, bon pere, you know not." And she was sorry for him.

Mere Choucard did not understand

HERE SHE HAD STOOD WITH HIM ON THAT LAST NIGHT.

either. She thought Lizette was unhappy and sad, because she did not laugh or go to merry parties with the other young folks. She did not know Lizette was saving all her laughter for him. When he came, how merry she would be, how her eyes would sparkle, how she would smile at nothing, at everything. No, Mere Choucard did not understand; but then Mere Choucard was old, too, and her eyes were dim.

Sometimes, when it rained, and the girl was sitting by the window, her window, through which she could see the gate in the stone fence, Bear's Neck, Cleet's Head and the restless, tossing ocean, Mere Choucard would softly stroke her hair and with tears glistening in her eyes, murmur: "Ma pauvre enfant."

And Lizette, looking into the aged,

SHE RAISED HER HAND BESEECHINGLY.

kindly face, would pat the wrinkled hand, and say, with a soft smile, to herself: "Ah, bonne chere mere, you too know not."

This day was Sunday, and Lizette, as she had done every fine Sunday since he left, went for the long walk up the beech road, the walk he so enjoyed. Lizette reserved this pleasure for the holy day, because it was on Sunday he told her how he cared for her. They were walking along the beech road, hand in hand, away from the village, away from everybody. She had not expected him to speak as he did. She only knew she was quietly, fully happy when with him. Of love she had never thought, and yet how suddenly, when he had spoken, she knew she loved him. Her lips refused to open, and she had simply put her hand in his.

As she left the cottage, Pierre Laton called her, and in a moment was by her side. "May I walk with you, Lizette?" he asked.

People said Pierre Laton loved her.

"I am going far, Pierre," she said. "You had better not come."

"The end of the world would not be too far with you," he exclaimed, quickly, looking searchingly into her face, and then, as he saw the startled look in her eyes he pleaded: "Let me go with you, Lizette?"

And so they walked together.

Lizette did not speak and Pierre's heart was too full for words. Lizette even forgot he was with her, at times. Her thoughts were in the past. Her thoughts seemed always in the past. Of the future, which was to bring such great happiness, she dared not think. She was content to wait until it came and then enjoy it fully. The past was sweet. She would exhaust its memories first.

At last Pierre could no longer remain silent.

"Lizette," he said, "why are you so changed? Once you were always with us, and laughed and were happy. Now you no more join us at the dance or anywhere. You talk so little, and once you chattered all the time. Why are you so changed, Lizette?"

"I am happy still," said Lizette.

"Happy!" he cried, harshly; "happy! You cannot be. You do not laugh, you hate me, you hate us all—"

"You are my friends," she interrupted.

"And," he continued, unheeding, "you have given your heart, not to some honest lad in the village, but to a stranger, a man who said in fun: 'I love you.' You will never see him again. He has forgotten you, he—"

"Pierre!" exclaimed Lizette, quickly, yet not with anger; "Pierre, you don't understand. You are like the others."

"Lizette," he cried, "I understand one thing. I have understood it ever since you and I were girl and boy together, and it is eating my heart out. I can't tell it to you in fine speeches—" She raised her hand beseechingly, but he gently put it down and holding it in his, continued: "Nor in fine words. I have known you all your life, and I love you—" He stopped, breathless with emotion.

Lizette turned away and looked seaward. She did not speak, and Pierre, clutching at a wild hope, went on. "You know I have a little home, Lizette, and I earn as much as any man in the Cove; come, Lizette, let me make you happy. I'll never forget you."

He was almost sorry he had uttered the last sentence; still she did not seem to care. She went toward him, and taking one of his big, brown hands in both of hers, looked up into his face.

"Pierre, it cannot be that. Let us remain friends. Do you not see, do you not know? Ah, you are still like the others, you do not understand!"

He went a little way from the roadside, and sat down. Perhaps he understood now.

They were on the top of Long hill. In the hollow to the left was the village, and away to the right could be seen the cottages at Todd's Point, a quiet summer resort. As Lizette looked, three persons on horseback appeared around a turn in the road and cantered toward her. Lizette gazed with interest. Strangers came so rarely to the Cove. There were two ladies and a gentleman, and as they gained the hilltop they drew rein.

"I think we have reached the place," said one of the ladies.

"And well are we repaid for the ride, the view is splendid," answered the gentleman.

They looked, commented for some moments, and Lizette watched them curiously. At last the lady who had first spoken turned to her. "Is that pretty little village The Cove?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied Lizette, courtesying.

They turned their horses, and for a moment admired the view towards Todd's Point.

"The Cove is where Arthur spent a summer a few years ago," said the first speaker.

Lizette heard and her heart beat wildly.

"Your husband must have found the place very dull, Mrs. Bertieson," said the gentleman, with a laugh, and they galloped away.

Lizette shut her eyes and then opened them. Yes, she was awake. It was no dream. Pierre had heard everything. He went forward, and, taking her hand, led her to a rock. She sat down with a shiver and with mute eyes gazed seaward. Once or twice she loosed the kerchief about her neck, as if it choked her. Pierre walked away and lay down at some distance to wait. An hour, two, three, and she still sat there. Once she bowed her head in her hands and Pierre thought she wept. And then again she looked steadfastly over the sea.

The sea tossed and roared, yet she neither saw nor heard it, the sea was the present.

The sun sank lower and lower in the west, and night drew apace, yet she heeded it not. The night was the future.

At last she looked eastward, the sunrise had been there. The sunrise was the past, and her eyes were no longer mute.

Pierre approached, she gave him her hand and they walked homeward. Once Pierre murmured: "He has forgotten you; I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She drew away, smiled sadly, and shook her head, saying, softly: "Pierre, mon ami, you do not understand."

ALUMINIUM NOT POISONOUS.

An Interesting Experiment Tried on Two Young Physicians.

Recently two healthy and robust physicians, aged 26 and 35 years, were selected by the imperial German health bureau to undergo an interesting experiment in order to ascertain whether aluminium is poisonous or not. These two gentlemen, in order to test the nonpoisonous properties of aluminium, volunteered, every morning for one month, to swallow 15 grains of aluminium tartrate with their lunch. At the end of the trial neither of them had lost flesh or appetite or experienced the slightest discomfort during the entire period of their metallic lunch. It was found that the metal was not adapted, however, to contain for a long period brandy, whisky or wine. After a time these liquids turn turbid, and although perfectly harmless are not inviting, to say the least, although for two or three days' journey they are not appreciably acted on when carried in aluminium flasks.

A correspondent writing on the subject states that he has cast aluminium cooking utensils for over 12 months and that they have given both the cook and the consumer every satisfaction without any fear of poisoning, as when copper utensils were employed. Dental plates are also now made of aluminium, which, besides having only a fraction of the weight of gold plate, possess the additional advantage of producing no disagreeable taste in the mouth.—Electrical Engineer.

Malibran's Kind Heart.

No woman in public life is more highly esteemed for her kindness of heart than Marie Malibran, the distinguished French prima donna. Recently when visiting a hospital the celebrated singer was shown a child whose recovery depended on taking a bath the doctor had prescribed, but which the little sufferer absolutely refused to enter, while to use force was considered likely to bring about a fatal result. Malibran took the child up in her arms and tried persuasion, but without success. "Be good," she said, "and I will sing you a pretty song." She sang a soft melody and the obdurate little sufferer listened with shining eyes, but still refused to take the bath. The doctors and nurses were shaking their heads in despair, when suddenly another idea occurred to the singer. "Will you go into the bath if I go, too?" she said. The child signified assent by a languid nod, and, quickly undressing, the great artist entered the bath with the now delightful little patient in her arms. The result was what the physicians had expected—the child's life was saved.—Chicago Chronicle.

Now

Is a good time to put your physical system in good order by purifying your blood and building up your health in order to avoid sickness. Take

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Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists 25c.

Methods of Impecunious Noblemen.

Some curious stories can be told about the thousands of false diamonds sold yearly in London. A working goldsmith says he has seen a good deal of the trade in imitation stones. People of all rank buy them. A nobleman is in immediate want of cash and must find it somehow. He will, perhaps, turn to his family diamonds. Possibly £10,000 could be raised on them. He takes the jewelry off to the false diamond provider, has the real stones removed and false ones put in, and deposits the actual gems with some one as a security for a loan. No one is a bit the wiser. His wife appears in her jewels just the same as usual. If she didn't her husband would be made bankrupt by his creditors the next week.

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CENTS STAMPS to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth $10, to get a start. [8]

WHEN a man gives a gift with the request that his name be not mentioned, he always feels a little bit chagrined to find his request observed.—Atchison Globe.

Low Rates to the West and South.

Via B. & O. S-W. Ry. Feb. 1, 2, 15 and 16, for Home-Seekers, to points in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, the Carolinas, the Dakotas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Tennessee, Texas, etc. The limit and stop-over privileges will permit thorough inspection of the country. For tickets and further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

THEY say rich people worry more over their riches than the poor do over their poverty. But lots more folks feel sorry for them.—Washington Democrat.

THE nerves are tortured by neuralgia; soothed and cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

THE man who will not live up to his convictions is untrue to himself.—Ram's Horn.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

IF a woman has whiskers you are no gentleman if you see them.

LOOK out! Shiver, then soreness and stiffness. Use St. Jacobs Oil—then a cure.

A FORM OF SPEECH.—He—"I ran across grandmother in the park yesterday." His Aunt—"Oh, dear! I didn't know that you rode a bicycle."—Life.

EVERY temptation resisted is trouble escaped.—Ram's Horn.

Sometimes a burglar only succeeds in damaging the lock of a safe so that the combination won't work. Next morning the bank officers can't get at their own money. There may be millions in the safe, but if their credit depended on getting at it in a hurry they would be bankrupt, simply because the combination won't work.

A sick man is in very much the same fix about getting at the nourishment he needs to keep him alive. There is plenty of good food at hand, but his digestive organism is out of order; the nutritive "combination" of his system won't work. He can't possibly get at the nourishment contained in the food. He takes it into his stomach, but it does him no good. It isn't made into good blood. He is just as badly off as if the food was locked up where he couldn't touch it. He gets no strength or health out of it.

All these mal-nutritive conditions have a perfect and scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the nutritive "combination" of the system into perfect working order. It gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to make pure, red, healthy blood, and pour it into the circulation abundantly and rapidly.

It drives out all bilious poisons and scrofulous germs, cures indigestion, liver complaint, nervousness and neuralgia, and builds up solid flesh, active power and nerve force.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I was so badly off I could not eat even a cracker. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 80 pounds. I tried almost everything, and nothing did me any good, until I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as I ever was, and weigh 125 pounds."

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A WORD TO JOSIAH.

Mr. Patterson and His "Agitation" of the Gold Standard Question.

Josiah Patterson is still delivering his lectures in behalf of the gold standard.

The lights are out, the pyrotechnics have been spent, the polls are closed, the people have gone about their business, and Mr. McKinley has been elected; but still Josiah Patterson goes trolloping about the country preaching the beauties of the gold standard. But since Mr. Patterson insists on delivering his perfunctory lectures, it may be well to have a word with him.

Now, Josiah—

Don't you know that the newspapers which had been patting you on the back have decided with one voice that all talk about the gold question or the silver question, the single standard or the double standard, is in the nature of agitation, and that such agitation is highly detrimental to the business? Why, here is Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, who signs himself "Matthew Marshall" in the New York Sun, declaring as late as last week that "the continued agitation of the silver question" is the cause of the bank failures in the west. Don't you know, Josiah, that you, as the only individual in the country who is now trolloping around from post to pillar making speeches, are largely responsible for this condition of things, if what Mr. Hitchcock says is true?

And, Josiah—

Don't your common sense tell you that the free and independent coinage of silver has ceased for the time being to be an issue? Don't you know that the republican party has been triumphant at the polls, as the result of its promises to restore prosperity by means of international bimetallism and the tariff? Don't you know that the people are patiently waiting to see what is to be the result of the republican programme? If you don't know these things, Josiah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and if you do know them you ought to stop talking about the silver question in a tone of voice which, as Mr. Thomas Hitchcock intimates, is loud enough to shatter financial institutions as far west as Minnesota?

And, Josah—

Don't you know that the question of independent free coinage has been settled for at least four years to come, and that the only way to renew the controversy at this time is to do as you are doing? Do you know of your own knowledge of anybody who is engaged in free coining, or who is now insisting on free coinage? If so, Josiah, give us his name and we promise to have him hauled up on a writ of "hippus croppus," as old Uncle Billy Bivins used to say. Don't you know that the silver question will not be an issue until the republicans demonstrate that their scheme of reforms and remedies will not restore prosperity, and that the question never will be an issue again if the republicans succeed in bringing genuine good times under the gold standard?

And, Josiah—

If the single gold standard is such a beautiful, such a desirable affair, why don't you, instead of trolloping around the country making speeches against the free coinage of silver go to Washington and urge your republican friends and colaborers to make a practical demonstration of the beauty and desirability of the gold standard? We admit that the gold standard has brought nothing but wreck and ruin to the country. Everybody knows that, Josiah, and it is as unnecessary to state the fact as it is idle to deny it. This being so, Josiah, there is but one thing for the republicans to do, and that is to give the country a clear and an unmistakable demonstration that the gold standard is not responsible for the hard times, but that it has been due to Cleveland's mal-administration of affairs. If the republicans will only do that, Josiah, the silver issue will never be heard of again. But it can only be done by the restoration of prosperity, and when that is done all the people, without regard to party, will rise up and indorse the gold standard, and bless the republican wisdom that rescued them not only from hard times and poverty, but from misapprehension of the financial question.

Now, Josiah—

Wouldn't it be better for you to aid in bringing about this desirable result than to go trolloping about the country slang-whanging the south and west? We leave it to your common sense. All that the people expect the republicans to do is that which they are solemnly pledge to do—to promote international bimetallism and to restore prosperity. Why, then, Josiah, should you be carrying on a campaign against the free coinage of silver, when the people themselves have temporarily shelved the issue, and have said to the republicans: "You have promised to restore prosperity if you are placed in power; now go ahead and do it," and when you know, Josiah, that this is the situation?

And, Josiah—

Are you not familiar enough with our political history to know that the only way in which a great issue ever has been or ever can be settled is for those who oppose it to show by a physical and concrete demonstration that it is wrong? Don't you know that all the mouthing and slang-whanging you could do from now till doomsday would not convince a single human being one way or the other? The thing to do, then, Josiah, is to urge the republican leaders to formulate their measures of reform at once and proceed to put them in operation as promptly as possible. If they succeed in restoring prosperity, Josiah, the free coinage question is dead. If they fail to restore prosperity, we advise you to prepare for the worst. —Atlanta Constitution.

A FRENCH PROTECTIONIST.

Says High Tariff Cuts Little Figure with the Gold Standard.

We regret to observe that some of our republican contemporaries are engaged in the unnecessary work of throwing cold water on Senator Wolcott's authorized mission to Europe for the promotion of bimetallism. They declare that international bimetallism is a fraud invented for the purpose of fooling the people—"letting the public down easy," as one phrases it—and that now, having served its purpose, it is folly to revive either the issue or the hopes that may be based on it.

Indeed, they go farther than this, and proceed to expose some of the interior workings of party intrigue that may serve to throw light on future developments. They say that Mr. Wolcott delivered a tory speech during the Venezuelan debates, and that he now wants to go to Europe to receive his reward. This comes, mind you, from prominent republican organs, and they more than intimate that Mr. Wolcott's tory speech will be followed by his action in practically dealing a death blow to international bimetallism.

We, says the Atlanta Constitution, have not been any too sure of Senator Wolcott's political honesty or his anxiety for bimetallism of any kind since his tory speech, which came as a surprise to the whole country; but we are not prepared to believe that the republicans propose to make the people desperate by blasting their hopes in the vile manner that has been outlined.

We prefer to give them the credit of good intentions, and await developments, bearing in mind the fact that the gold standard has received a sudden and an unexpected set-back in Russia. The Russian minister of finance, M. de Witte, argued that the interests of Russia would be best promoted by the adoption of the gold standard. He had his plan mapped out and ready to go into operation. But many of the Russian financiers were not blind to the effect the gold standard would have on the people and the business interests of the country, and they protested.

The czar was induced to consult M. Meline, the French premier, who is an ardent bimetallist, and the result was the shelving, temporarily at least, of M. de Witte's plan for establishing the gold standard in the east. To this fact is due the cessation of the demand for gold in Russia and the cessation of gold exports from this country.

This, therefore, we are disposed to regard as a temporary victory for the cause of bimetallism, though it may be merely a shrewd card played by the European bankers to prevent too great a strain on the United States treasury. Consequently, we refuse to assist the republican organs in blackening the reputation of their own party. Until events show to the contrary we shall prefer to believe that the republicans meant something when they pledged themselves to use their best efforts to promote bimetallism. We shall prefer to believe that Mr. McKinley is acting in good faith when he authorizes Senator Wolcott to proceed to Europe to look over the ground and see what arrangements can be made for an international conference that shall mean something. We shall prefer to believe that Mr. Wolcott himself, in spite of his tory speech, is sincere in his desire to restore silver to its old place.

It is already known that France is ready to enter into an international agreement, and this fact will give Senator Wolcott something to work on. M. Meline, the French prime minister, who is a protectionist, has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that a high tariff cuts a small figure under the gold standard; that a customs tariff ceases to be effective when the gold standard is constantly beating down prices.

This being so, it is of immense importance to the republicans to secure international bimetallism, if they should levy high customs duties and these should fail to raise prices under the gold standard what, then, becomes of their theory of protection? Why, their party would go to pieces like a house of cards in a whirlwind.

A False Standard.

The national monetary conference at Indianapolis adopted unanimously a declaration for the maintenance of the gold standard, and the retirement of the demand obligations of the government. It also proposed to investigate and report by bill or otherwise on the evils of the currency system, and the remedies therefor. The main trouble is this very gold standard, which creates a monopoly in mining, and puts a premium on an article of value far beyond its deservings; a false standard, in fact.—Philadelphia Item.

The Rat Plague in Paris.

Rats have for years been a pest in Paris, but never more so than now. They teem everywhere, and are said to issue in thousands from the drains, while in outlying districts they scour the streets in hordes, affording fine sport to the policemen, who spit them on sword bayonets. The recent demolition of old houses and stables is supposed to be the cause of the sudden increase in the visible supply of the rodents.—Chicago Chronicle.

HOW ABOUT THE REVENUE?

The Reciprocity Theory of High Protection Visionaries.

"Reciprocity," says a protection organ, "is free trade in dissimilar and non-competitive products." That is, one country will admit free articles which it does not produce in consideration of the other's letting in free what the latter does not produce.

Then why was the third section of the McKinley bill called a reciprocity section? This section threatened retaliation by taxing sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides, unless the countries producing them let in our exports at rates which the president thought were fair.

Are sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides commodities which we do not produce? On the contrary, we produce sugar, molasses and hides, three out of five of them. As no retaliation was attempted against countries producing tea, we may eliminate that and say that three out of four were articles which we produce. The definition quoted shows that the so-called McKinley reciprocity, devised by Senator Aldrich, was not reciprocity at all, since it was not mainly in products which this country does not produce.

But suppose we let in free all the commodities which this country does not produce in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the people. That lets in sugar free, both raw and refined. It lets in wool free, because we produce but little more than half the wool needed by the people. There is a variety of other articles to which the same remark will doubtless apply, but these two are imported in large quantities. None of this class of articles will yield a dollar of revenue. Of course, then, you must get all the customs revenue from articles imported that compete with our domestic products.

What is the result? Having put the noncompetitive article on the free list, you must get revenue by taxes on competitive articles. "So much the better," says the too hasty protectionist, "since we can thus tax competitive articles all the higher." But they are already taxed well-nigh up to the point where importations cease. If you put on more tax importations will be smaller, and if you go as far as the protected interests demand you will stop importations altogether and cut off all the revenue.

The notion that higher tariff means more revenue is obsolete to a large extent. Many of our tariff rates prohibit importations in any quantity worth naming. Others are very near to the point of prohibition, and another turn of the screw will make them quite so. The theory that higher rates mean more revenue applies only to noncompetitive articles, or others taxed much below the point of prohibition, and even they may be so high that the people will buy them in smaller quantities. As to articles produced at home, when the rate is already high, an increase of the tariff will be more likely to reduce revenue than to raise it. Then whence comes the revenue?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Protection Is What They Want.

The republicans are determined upon an extra session for the purpose, they say, of perfecting a tariff measure which will increase the revenues of the United States. If this indeed be their purpose then they cannot reenact the McKinley statute of October, 1890, because that act was called an act to reduce the revenue. The republicans will go into special session to perfect a tariff bill on the excuse of increasing the revenue, but will take no sort of means to that end. They will meet for the purpose of increasing the protection already accorded overabundantly to American manufacturers. Their policy is to make not a revenue tariff, but a tariff for protection mainly, and they are to-day, as they were when Harrison was nominated in 1888, in favor of levying prohibitive duties. Under such a tariff bill as the republicans in the extra session will pass exports will fall off and the tariff will not yield the desired revenue. There is pertinent and emphatic objection, therefore, to the republican hypocrisy involved in the statement that they desire an extra session of congress for the purpose of passing a tariff bill to increase the revenue. The party does not want a tariff for revenue, but a tariff for protection, and that is why it will have a special session of congress early in the new administration.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Ohio Shepherds.

The political shepherds from Ohio are wolves in sheep's clothing. They frankly said before the Dingley committee that the tariff they demand is intended to shut out foreign wool altogether. They admitted that their purpose is to double the price of domestic wool and give it a monopoly. They did not deny that this would greatly increase the price of warm clothing. They confessed also that their schedule is not intended to produce revenue, but rather to prevent it. This is all the public cares to know about the howl of the wolves for more "protection." If their demand shall be granted the voters will do the rest, as they did in 1890 and 1892. —N. Y. World.

—The evidence of insincerity in the support of the policy of a protective tariff which certain manufacturers and producers are giving, as shown in the hearings before the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, lies in that most of them very readily consent to low tariffs in all cases but their own.—Peoria Journal.

THE SELECTION OF SHERMAN.

Boss Hanna's Fine Hand Again Becomes Apparent.

There is considerable criticism of Maj. McKinley's selection of Senator Sherman for the post of secretary of state. It is a well-known fact now that the selection was made solely for the purpose of making a place for Mark Hanna, who aspires to be a senator of the United States, and while it may be presumed that the president-elect feels that Mr. Sherman is in every way eligible for the position to which he will without doubt be appointed, it is still a fact that serious question is raised as to his fitness for the very delicate work he may reasonably expect to be called upon to perform. Of course, there may be a spice of partisanism in the criticism that is leveled at the proposed appointment, but it is doubtful that it can be fully accounted for in this way. The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republic says among other things:

"The selection of John Sherman for the secretaryship of state creates the most profound surprise in Washington, and especially among the senators who have had to do with Sherman, day in and day out, for years. It is rather ungracious to say anything regarding a man as venerable in years as Mr. Sherman, and one, too, it must be said, who has rendered such conspicuous public services. But it is a matter of common notoriety here, well known to all the senators of all political parties, that Mr. Sherman has by no means the intellectual strength he had years ago. He has been failing for two years with great rapidity. Physically he is still strong and active. Mentally he has been growing feeble for some time, and notably since the last session of congress."

It would seem, in view of this, that the exigencies of Ohio politics fall short of justifying the selection Mr. McKinley has made. There is a possibility that the real purpose of Mr. Sherman's appointment will fail, as it is far from clear at present that Mr. Hanna can succeed in his efforts to reach the senate, but the Mansfield statesman will doubtless receive the honor intended for him in spite of the miscarriage of the plans for Mr. Hanna's exaltation. If the worst shall be realized in respect to Mr. Sherman it is to be hoped that the president-elect will be found to have been more fortunate in his selections of men to fill the other important places in his official family. It was broadly hinted some months ago by an eminent republican that Maj. McKinley is a weak, an impressionable man, and if this is true, the president-elect ought to have some strong men about him. Weakness from top to bottom of the administration would prove most unfortunate.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

PRODUCTION OF WEALTH.

The Protectionist Idea of Bringing About Better Times.

"The immediate mission of the republican party," remarks a republican organ, "is to start up idle factories, to encourage investment and production, to furnish work at good wages to unemployed labor."

An excellent mission, but how is it to be achieved? Simply by the exercise of the taxing power of the government. Nothing could be easier. Taxes are to be levied on things that the people need, for the benefit of the men with factories who can convince the leaders of the party that they should be helped. By the simple process of placing a tax on articles manufactured abroad, the people are compelled to buy at home and the home manufacturer can charge the value of the article plus the tariff and thus be encouraged by huge profits to keep at work. These profits, of course, for the public welfare he will divide with the men he employs.

The production of wealth is merely a matter of putting a government's fingers into the pocket of one citizen and transferring the money there to the pocket of another. Prosperity can be made by forcing all citizens to chip in and pay for the running of a factory which another citizen would like to run, if big enough profits are assured. Hundreds of prosperous citizens, with millions, can be pointed out who are living proofs of the effectiveness of the tariff as a promoter of prosperity. With a bounty on goods and a premium on idleness, factories will be shut down, now and then, by wicked combines, but the taxing power is unlimited and the favored manufacturer never suffers for prosperity while the substance of his fellow citizens, who must buy from him at his price, holds out. He can live in a castle, ride in a coach and have money to burn.

But if it is the mission of a party, through the control of our government's taxing power, to start factories and keep labor employed at good wages, why this indirection and the trouble and annoyance of making up discriminating duties? Why not have government factories for the unemployed?

If we must have paternalism, let us have straight, honest, up-to-date paternalism, freed from the ancient folly and wrong of monopoly privileges. Let us be rid of the tax-made millionaires and give the money to the tax-supported laborers.—St. Louis Republic.

—Chairman Dingley declines to go into the cabinet because he could not personally supervise every branch of work in the department, and his conscience would not permit him to assume responsibility under other conditions. A rare bird is Dingley. He is wise enough to know that he is not built for executive station.—Utica Observer.

A BUNCHGRASS SHEPHERD DOG.

Left with 2,000 Sheep He Had 6,000 When His Owner Got Back.

A bunchgrass shepherd dog of eastern Oregon is the hero of this tale. The name of the dog was Jim, and his owner was called Bob Thompson back in the states before he came west. The dog was shot three years ago by some tenderfoot with a self-cocking gun, and this story dates back to 1878, when sheep were sheep and wool was wool; when a good sheep dog was worth more than a horse; when horses were horses and bicycles were not known.

Every sheep camp had its crack pack of dogs, and in Thompson's pack there were 30. At the time of the Bannock uprising Thompson and his men were herding sheep ten miles from Pendleton. One morning a messenger rode up in hot haste, warning the shepherds to flee for their lives, as the Indians were on the warpath. The shepherds fled. Only the dogs and sheep were left. For the next few days the dogs came straggling into Pendleton one by one, and within a week they were all present or accounted for; all but Jim. At the end of a month the Indian uprising had been put down and Thompson went to look for his sheep. He had left 2,000 and he found 6,000, all quietly feeding together. As he rode near he saw, perched on a tall butte, a black object that turned out to be Jim, who gave his master a frantic welcome and then proudly started with him to inspect the band.

Single-handed, Jim had taken care of those sheep for 30 days, driving them to fresh pastures each day. Every stray band that he met he had chased into his drove, until he had become the king herder of the bunchgrass country. Hard work had agreed with him, and he was as fat as a 'possum in persimmon time. He was too smart to go hungry, and had picked out the fat of the flock whenever he wanted to make a meal. Jim is gone now, but his memory is respected by every wool puller in Umatilla county.

Frank Andreas is a miner who lives in Idaho. About a mile from his mine is a blacksmith's shop, where he gets his pick and other tools mended. One December day he started down the mountain side to go to the shop, taking with him his two St. Bernard dogs, Quarts and Pints. He had not gone far when he was caught by a snowslide that had started 200 feet above him. He was carried along by the slide only a few feet when he dropped into a gulch and four feet of hard-packed snow covered him out of sight.

The slide missed the dogs and they soon nosed out their master and began digging away the snow. Andreas' left arm was free and he was in an upright position, but could scarcely breathe, and would have been smothered in a little while. He heard the dogs scratch, and with their help and his free arm a small opening was soon made through which he could get air. Then they worked together, man and dogs, for 1½ hours or more, when Andreas was able to pull himself out of the snow box in which he was packed.—Portland Oregonian.

Rats and a Missing Check.

A remarkable incident is brought to our notice by the Bristol post office, and, what is more, it is a story without a moral. Some time ago a letter containing a check for upward of £300 was posted to a gentleman's business address in the city, and, although there was proof that it was delivered the same evening, the addressee complained that the important missive had not reached him. Subsequently, however, it occurred to him that as his business premises were infested with rats, and as everything put through the aperature in the door, in the absence of a letter-box, dropped to the floor, the postal authorities might not, after all, be responsible for the strange disappearance of the letter. A search which he instituted was completely successful. On looking behind a corn bin he discovered to his astonishment two huge rats actually fighting for the possession of a dust-besmeared envelope, which, on being opened, was found to be none other than the one that contained the check.—Bristol (England) Mercury.

Anti-Sparrow.

Despite criticism and ridicule the sparrow clubs of Sussex county, England, pursue the even tenor of their way. A report of the latest periodical meeting of the Burwash Weald Rat and Sparrow club states that the members present produced the tails of 217 rodents and the heads of 137 birds—a total rather below the Burwash average. The farmers are not alone in their bad opinion of the sparrow. The well-known naturalist, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, shares this view. It is a mistake, he says, to suppose the sparrow eats insects; on the contrary, he keeps away the birds that would eat them. In short, the sparrow is a pest.—N. Y. Sun.

Too Much Turning Over.

"There is too much system in this school business," growled Tommy. "Just 'cause I snickered a little the monitor turned me over to the teacher, the teacher turned me over to the principal and the principal turned me over to paw."

"Was that all?"

"No; paw turned me over his knee." —Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

—Dioscorides mentions butter as made in his time from sheep's milk. It was used melted instead of oil for salads.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

STATE SIFTINGS.

Greenup will soon be lighted by electricity.

A Paris firm shipped 360 barrels of whisky to Germany last week.

Miss Pearl Mann, of Ewing, stuck a nail in her foot, and four days later died of lockjaw.

Pennsylvania capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of the Logan county asphalt mines.

The Eminence Constitutionalist wants a free reading room established to offset the evils of saloons.

Carrolton had an $8,000 fire last week, and the loss was not more than half covered by insurance.

One day last week merchants of Lebanon shipped 10,000 pounds of poultry and 100 cases of eggs.

A grocery war at Crab Orchard brought the price of coffee down to two packages for a quarter.

Knowing ones say that the wool crop of Boyle county will be 60 per cent short of what it was two years ago.

For the first time in its history Winchester is now a "dry" town, local option having taken effect on the 1st inst.

Richmond now has a colored lawyer in the person of Prof. Permilit Embry, who was admitted to practice last week.

Burglars broke into Richard Rudolphs store, at Hanburg, and carried off four wagon loads of goods without detection.

The fiscal court of Bath county appropriated $500 with which to employ guards to protect the tollgates in that county.

Lillard H. Carter, Democratic nominee for state senator in Lawrence county, will just be eligible at the November election.

While administering the Lord's Supper at a country church, Joseph Severance, a merchant of Stanford, suffered an apoplectic stroke.

William Morgan, a Cincinnati man, was fined $100 and sent to jail 30 days for assaulting R. P. Thompson, a Maysville policeman.

Eight hundred walnut logs were shiplast week from Paris to Germany. They were all bought in Bourbon county and cost about $8,000.

The Republican state convention to nominate a candidate for clerk of the court of appeals will be held in Louisville on August 10.

Fayette county now has 283 miles of free turnpikes, leaving 160 miles of toll roads, and negotiations are now pending to make these free.

Mrs. M. C. Sauffley, of Stanford, has sent to the Nashville centennial a pair of solid silver candle snuffers which have been in her family over 100 years.

The general store of L. & C. W. Clayton, at Farmers, was broken into the other night, and about $250 worth of goods and other valuables carried away. No clew.

The Stanford Journal remarks that Lincoln county has its Tweedles and Twaddles and Pulaski its Weddles and Waddles, and winds up by asking "How are these for names?"

Miss Gertrude Lucas, of Fredonia, who was run over by an L. & N. train several months ago, and had an arm and leg cut off, has brought suit in Christian circuit court for $25,000 damages.

A horse trainer of Breckinridge, who has been married three times, is the father of thirty-nine children, of whom twenty-seven are alive. His oldest son and present wife are of the same age, 47 years.

Martin S. McCarty, of Russellville, became suddenly insane and was found wandering in the woods almost nude. A strange fact is he had $1,600 in bank and no one is able to account for how he got it. He was always known as a poor man, and sold papers for a living.

Thomas Moore, the murderer who escaped from the Johnson county jail a few weeks ago, is reported to have been killed fifteen miles southeast of Paintsville several days ago, by F. F. Martin, sheriff of that county.

Mrs. W. D. Gooch, of Woodford county, from 50 hens, sold during the past year 350 dozen eggs for $35 and chickens to the amount of $215 more, besides furnishing her household with all the eggs and chickens they could use.

J. L. King, of Christian county, residing near Bennettstown, owns a fine brood mare that has foaled a filly, which is perfectly formed in every particular except that it has no tail, and no appearance of one. It is healthy as any other colt.

A dispatch from Hindman says while attempting to kill fish with dynamite near there, John Jones was terribly injured and is dying. His companion, Mort Huff, had his arm blown off and is otherwise injured. His recovery is doubtful.

Calamity in a dreadful form rests on the household of Jack Brigman, a farmer, living on the farm of Tom Reed, in McCracken county. Four of the family of twelve members have become insane within three days' time. According to the report Brigman evidenced signs of a failing intellect on Friday of last week. Since that time in rapid succession three of his ten children have manifested similar symptoms. There is no explanation of the outbreak of mental melady.

The Barren county roads generally are said to be in a most miserable condition, and unless some attention and work is given them soon, the overseers are likely to be called upon to show the reason why, says the Glasgow News. Good roads are worth a good deal more to the county and town than anything that can be mentioned, and it is a shameful reflection on the county that they are permitted to go neglected until they become well nigh impassable. Work the roads.

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

The Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register says: "James Rowland, of this village, states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went to the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it whenever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He says that no medicine which she had used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by J. T. Day.

Sad, But True.

Another great man has sunk silently into oblivion. A New Yorker who had occasion to stop off at Princeton, N. J., recently noticed among the loungers on the station platform the figure of a rather stout man leaning against the car, and idly looking arond. He was doing just what the other farmers were doing—gathering gossip to be served when the family had gathered for their evening meal. Now and then a passenger would look at him, but it was only the same casual glance that was bestowed on the rest of the little group. It was sad, but true. No one seemed to recognize him. And yet he was once the president of the United States—Grover Cleveland.—Pittsburg Press.

Glad It's Over.

While in Cincinnati a few days since a prominent Kentucky Republican was interviewed by an Enquirer representative and said: "We are glad that the disgraceful affair at Frankfort is over, even with Dr. DeBoe as senator. The Republican legislature and the state administration have been a miserable fiasco, and I expect to see the Democrats sweep everything this fall, and the Republicans deserve no better fate. I looked in on the legislature a few days ago, and frankly I must say that I was humiliated and disgusted. Three sensible business men could get together and do more in three days than those nincompoops have done in all this time. I am done with the whole crowd. Their conduct has been shameful and called the attention of the whole country to their incompetency and ignominy."

"It Is The Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by J. T. Day.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and send your full postoffice address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

The Best Novel.

A very high literary authority has suggested the following list as the best novels—each in its own class.

The best sensational novel, The Woman in White, by Wilkie Collins.

The best historic novel, Kenilworth, by Scott.

The best dramatic novel, Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Bronte.

The best marine novel, The Red Rover, by J. F. Cooper.

The best novel of country life, Lorna Doone, by R. D. Blackmore.

The best military novel, Charles O'Malley, by Charles Lever.

The best religious novel, Hypatia, by Charles Kingsley.

The best novel with a purpose, Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The best pathetic novel, Silas Marner, by George Eliot.

The best humorous novel, Pickwick, by Chas Dickens.

The best Scotch novel, Rob Roy, by Sir Walter Scott.

The best English novel, Adam Bede, by George Eliot.

The best American novel, The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The best of all novels, Henry Esmond, by William Makepace Thackery.

Either one of the above, or the choice of one of hundreds of others equally as good, will be given free to every new subscriber to THE HERALD, or all who pay up arrearages in full and one year in advance.

Croup, whooping cough and colds are quickly allayed and danger averted by

DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

This famous remedy will cure an attack of croup in the time it takes to find a doctor. Every home should have it ready for the time of need. It is an infallible remedy for all bronchial and lung affections.

Sold by druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle or sent direct on receipt of price by The E. E. Sutherland Medicine Co., Paducah, Ky.

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Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

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For Mothers!

THE discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. $1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, and could not have any children. Nine months after I had a fine girl baby."

TAX SALE.

School District No. 7, Wolfe county, Ky.—As treasurer of the above named district, on the 20th day of May, 1897, between the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door, I will proceed to sell at public outcry, to pay school taxes due me as treasurer of the above named district for the years 1893-94-95, the land of the following named person, situated within said district, or so much thereof as may be needful to pay the taxes due, and costs as indicated herein. The land levied on as the property of Wm. Spencer who is due $5.98 for taxes, is bounded on the south by the lands of S. F. Allen, east by Joseph Harris and Joseph Spencer, north by Henry Alexander, west by John B. Horton and Lum Spencer, and listed in the name of Wm. Spencer.

Given under my hand this April 26, 1897.

JOSEPH HARRIS,
Treas. School Dist. No. 7, Wolfe Co.
[Advertising fee $1.]

WALLIS AND WHEELER,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.

Having leased the shop known as the Frank Tyler shop, and purchased a new and complete line of black smithing and wagon making tools and materials, are prepared to do all kinds of work in our line, and at the most reasonable rates. Give us a call and a trial. Respectfully,

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Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon.....	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian F'lds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City.....	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson.....	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee.....	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beattyv'e Je	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F'ks C	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa.....	6 08 am	6 50 am
Jackson	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington ..	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon.....	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester..	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian F'lds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City....	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge.	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beattyv'e Je	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three F'ks C	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa.....	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. E. BARB,
Gen'l Manager.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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The Blind See.
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Only CATARRH CURE.

ACTINA is a marvel of the Nineteenth Century. For by its use the Blind See, the Deaf Hear and Catarrh is impossible. Actina is an absolute certainty in the cure of Cataracts, Pterygiums, Granulated Lids, Glaucoma, Amaurosis, Myopia, Presbyopia, Common Sore Eyes or Weak and Violent from over use. No aged person wears spectacles. There need not be a Spectacle used on the Streets of the World and rarely to read with. Street Glasses Abandoned. Actina also cures Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Bronchitis and Weak Lungs. Actina is not a pair of glasses, but a Perfect Electric Pocket Battery, works at all times and in all places by powerful cure. Can be carried in vest pocket. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Actina will cure any of the above forms of disease.

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Cure Paralysis, Rheumatism and all Chronic Forms of Disease. These Garments are as puzzling to the physicians as are the wonder-working "Actina."

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TEN FOR FIVE CENTS.

This special form of Ripans Tabules is prepared from the original prescription, but more economically put up for the purpose of meeting the universal modern demand for a low price.

DIRECTIONS.—Take one at meal or bed time or whenever you feel poorly. Swallow it whole, with or without a mouthful of water.

They cure all stomach troubles; banish pain; induce sleep; prolong life. An invaluable tonic. Best Spring Medicine. No matter what's the matter, one will do you good. One gives relief—a cure will result if directions are followed.

The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so; but in any case a single carton, containing ten tabules, will be sent, postage paid, to any address for five cents in stamps, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Until the goods are thoroughly introduced to the trade, agents and peddlers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz.: 1 dozen cartons for 40 cents—by mail 45 cents. 12 dozen (144 cartons) for $4.32—by mail for $4.82. 5 gross (720 cartons) for $20.52. 25 gross (3,600 cartons) for $100. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

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